

THE CASTLE OF AMBOISE.

FROM TURNER'S RIVERS OF FRANCE.

On the brow of the hill next the Loire stands the Château of Amboise, flanked by two enormous towers carried up from the base of the cliffs. The origin of the Château is supposed to have been a fort built by Cæsar on the hill; and in collateral proof of this fact are shown some subterranean vaults by the side of the hill, near the ancient Convent of Minimes, which appear to have been the granaries of the Roman troops.

The present Château is a very elegant building, and the towers, constructed by Anne, of Britany, are exceedingly curious. By one of them you can mount on horseback to the summit of the rock: and in the other there is a convenient carriage-way, by means of which you are set down, without any very fatiguing ascent, in the castle yard. The latter we perambulated ourselves; and as it is newly plastered in stucco, and well lighted, the walk was far from being disagreeable. Midway there are some dens in the side of the passage, which lead, as you are told, into the subterranean dungeons of Louis XI.; but which, without a torch, it would be neither pleasant nor safe to explore.

On reaching the summit of the rock, you find it laid out in walls and gardens to some distance round the Château. One of the most pleasing objects in these is a small chapel, covered with sculpture, which has been deprived of all the insignia of worship, except the colossal antlers of a stag—once the objects of every traveller's devotion as the identical antlers of "the famous stag, hunted and killed by Cæsar." M. de Billiers, when told the story by his guide, amused himself by pointing out the mark of the bullet, and, in his journal, by triumphing over M. Millin, who declares that the enormous antlers are no longer to be seen, and that, even if visible, they would not be worth looking at, being a *cento* of various horns united in inlaid work. "It is only the former half of this double assertion," says M. de Billiers, "that is true; for the stag's antlers are of

inlaid work, and they are *not* invisible." Alas! how hard is our fate, which obliges us to contradict both these learned Thebans, and to say that the aforesaid antlers are still extant in the chapel, and that they are manufactured, not of inlaid pieces of horn, but of walnut wood.

The view from various parts of the walks is exceedingly fine, comprehending Blois on one side, and Tours on the other. Beyond the garden the hill is one vast vineyard, divided only by foot-paths; and, descending by rude flights of stairs at the sides, you find yourself traversing a subterranean village, the houses of which are excavated from the solid rock.

Among the objects seen from the summit is a pagoda, about half a league to the south. This is all that remains of the magnificent Castle of Charteloup, which was bought in 1823 by some trading Vandal, who wished to turn a penny by the old stones and timber. It was the place of exile of the Duc de Choiseul, who was sent there to meditate by Louis XV., and who consoled himself by setting up the head of Voltaire as a weathercock, in order to be reminded perpetually of the adulations he had received from that discreet philosopher, in the "Huron." From this castle, also, the Princess De Lamballe hurried for refuge to the capital, and found it on the guillotine. Close by is the first "English garden" that was planted in France, and which exhibits a collection of foreign trees said to be unrivalled in Europe. From other points the view is not less interesting. The right bank of the Loire, covered with gardens and vineyards, appears, as the *opposite* side usually does, the more agreeable of the two. The river, extending to the right and left, is only lost at Tours on the one hand, and at Blois on the other. Below, at your feet, is the Ile de St. Jean, formerly called the Isle d'Or, celebrated as the place of interview between Clovis I. and Alaric the Visi-Goth.

EXCURSIVE READERS.—"The analogy between body and mind," says Boswell, when speaking of Johnson's excursive reading, "is very general; and the parallel will hold as to their food, as well as any other particular. The flesh of animals who feed excursively is

allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, and men who are confined in cells and colleges to stated tasks?"—*Croker's Boswell.*

From Household Words.

## THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

THROW more logs upon the fire !  
 We have need of a cheerful light,  
 And close round the hearth to gather,  
 For the wind has risen to-night.  
 With the mournful sound of its wailing  
 It has checked the children's glee,  
 And it calls with a louder clamour  
 Than the clamour of the sea.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

Let us listen to what it is saying,  
 Let us hearken to where it has been ;  
 For it tells in its terrible crying,  
 The fearful sights it has seen.  
 It clatters loud at the casements,  
 Round the house it hurries on,  
 And shrieks with redoubled fury,  
 When we say "The blast is gone !"   
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the field of battle,  
 Where the dying and wounded lie ;  
 And it brings the last groan they uttered,  
 And the ravenous vulture's cry.  
 It has been where the icebergs were meeting,  
 And closed with a fearful crash ;  
 On the shore where no footstep has wandered,  
 It has heard the waters dash.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been in the desolate ocean,  
 When the lightning struck the mast ;  
 It has heard the cry of the drowning,  
 Who sank as it hurried past ;  
 The words of despair and anguish,  
 That were heard by no living ear,  
 The gun that no signal answered ;  
 It brings them all to us here.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the lonely moorland,  
 Where the treacherous snow-drift lies,  
 Where the traveller, spent and weary,  
 Gasp'd fainter, and fainter cries ;  
 It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds,  
 On the track of the hunted slave,  
 The lash and the curse of the master,  
 And the groan that the captive gave.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has swept through the gloomy forest,  
 Where the sledge was urged to its speed,  
 Where the howling wolves were rushing  
 On the track of the panting steed.  
 Where the pool was black and lonely,  
 It caught up a splash and a cry—  
 Only the bleak sky heard it,  
 And the wind as it hurried by.  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

Then throw more logs on the fire,  
 Since the air is bleak and cold,  
 And the children are drawing nigher,  
 For the tales that the wind has told.  
 So closer and closer gather,  
 Round the red and crackling light ;  
 And rejoice (while the wind is blowing)  
 We are safe and warm to-night !  
 Hark to the voice of the wind !

From Household Words.

## HOME-SICKNESS.

WHERE I am, the halls are gilded,  
 Stored with pictures bright and rare ;  
 Strains of deep melodious music  
 Float upon the perfumed air :—  
 Nothing stirs the dreary silence  
 Save the melancholy sea,  
 Near the poor and humble cottage,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the sun is shining,  
 And the purple windows glow,  
 Till their rich armorial shadows  
 Stain the marble floor below :—  
 Faded Autumn leaves are trembling,  
 On the withered jasmine tree,  
 Creeping round the little casement,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the days are passing  
 O'er a pathway strewn with flowers ;  
 Song and joy and starry pleasures  
 Crown the happy smiling hours :—  
 Slowly, heavily, and sadly,  
 Time with weary wings must flee,  
 Marked by pain, and toil, and sorrow,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the great and noble,  
 Tell me of renown and fame,  
 And the red wine sparkles highest,  
 To do honour to my name :—  
 Far away a place is vacant,  
 By an humble hearth for me,  
 Dying embers dimly show it  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, are glorious dreamings,  
 Science, genius, art divine,  
 And the great minds whom all honour,  
 Interchange their thoughts with mine.—  
 A few simple hearts are waiting,  
 Longing, wearying, for me,  
 Far away where tears are falling,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, all think me happy,  
 For so well I play my part,  
 None can guess, who smile around me,  
 How far distant is my heart :—  
 Far away, in a poor cottage,  
 Listening to the dreary sea,  
 Where the treasures of my life are,  
 Where I fain would be !

LUTHER AND THE FRIARS.—"God," said Luther, "in the beginning made but only one human creature, which was a wise counsel: afterwards he created also a woman; then came the mischief. The Friars follow God's first counsel, for they live alone, without marrying; wherefore, according to their rule and judgment, it had been good, nay better, that God had remained by his first determination and counsel, namely, that one man alone had lived."—*Colloquia Mensalia*, p. 370.

From Chambers's Repository.

## MADAME DE STAEL HOLSTEIN :

## HER LIFE AND WORKS.

IF Napoleon was the greatest man of his time, Madame de Staël was no less the most eminent woman. If he, beyond all men who have ever lived, was subtle in contrivance, strong of will, and daring in exploit—she, as a woman, was the most original thinker, powerful writer, and eloquent talker, the world has yet produced. Even setting sex aside, we doubt whether they may not be said to differ less in the actual amount than in the nature and direction of their individual powers. Both were giants, both intensely desirous of fame and glory; but his was a cold-blooded egotistical ambition, that united with contempt for his fellow-men, and could take no rest until he saw them under his foot; hers, a generous and loving enthusiasm, that could enjoy no distinction unaccompanied by the conviction, that in raising herself, she was helping to elevate the whole human race. And hence the continual jar between them, his hatred of her, and the tyrannical persecution which embittered and shortened her life. There was, nevertheless, in her high moral patriotism and purpose, a clear and distinct voice, which, though overborne and inaudible amidst the *éclat* of his first military glories, was afterwards eagerly listened to, and had no feeble share in discrediting, and finally undermining his empire. Unfortunately, the recognition came too late for her safety. Like Macbeth with Banquo, he felt 'that in her royalty of nature reigned much that would be feared,' that 'under her his genius was rebuked, his sceptre barren;' and less scrupulous than his prototype, he dared 'with bare-faced power to sweep her from his sight, and bid his will avouch it.' It was the over and over again struggle—the old barbarian victory of physical might over intellectual and moral right. As she naïvely expressed it: she had nothing to conjure with except her poor genius, and for a time at least genius could avail little against a mounted gendarme.

A complete and faithful portraiture of Madame de Staël would be a desirable addition to literary biography; but the task will be a difficult one. The most ambitious attempt that has yet been made, even in her own country, towards setting forth the inner life and outward manifestations of this very remarkable personage, is the sketch of her character and writings by her accomplished kinswoman, Madame Necker de Saussure, which was prefixed to her posthumous works published by her son in 1820.

The review or analysis there given of her numerous literary productions, is carefully and admirably executed, and contains some useful notes and explanations to be met with nowhere else. But the memoir makes no pretensions either to completeness or impartiality. It is an eloquent and affectionate eulogium, rather than a biography, impressing us throughout, somewhat too much, perhaps, with the cleverness, elegance, and fine moral tact of the author; and chiefly interesting as indicative of the large and important place Madame de Staël held through life in the hearts and minds of those who had the best opportunity of knowing her. Though enriched with many admirable illustrations, and containing an abundance of striking and varied characterisation which ought to place, and really does place, her heroine on the very highest pinnacle of human elevation, it must be owned that the effect, on the whole, of Madame de Saussure's elaborate notice, is rather to dazzle the eye by a profusion of luminous points and brilliant tints, than to satisfy it by the presentment of a carefully shaded and lifelike portrait. She succeeds much better in the sketches she attempts of the Neckers and other subordinate persons of the scene; but there is in her manner a certain air of rigidity and scientific precision particularly unfitted for the delineation of the chief figure—of one so entirely out of the common mould—whose vast intellectual proportions seem to 'lie floating many a rood,' and of whom it may so well be said, that her 'soul was larger than logic.'

We are, however, greatly indebted to Madame de Saussure for her affectionate labors. It would have been difficult, as she says with her usual elegance of expression, 'to write Madame de Staël's history while her contemporaries were yet on the world's stage, to disengage her part from theirs, to select the bright thread of her course from the delicate and complicated tissue of history of the present time.' But from Madame de Staël's own works, from her *Thoughts on The French Revolution and Ten Years of Exile*, especially, we learn many additional particulars, which, with the numerous and interesting notices of her by contemporary and succeeding writers, would now furnish materials for a tolerably complete biography. At present, we propose to lay before our readers as entire an outline of her eventful life and important works, as our ability and the limits of this paper will allow.

Anne Louisa Germaine Necker, afterwards Baroness de Staël Holstein, was the only child of M. Necker, the wealthy Genevese banker, and his wife, Susanna Curchod, a beautiful and accomplished Swiss lady.

She was born at Paris in 1766, at the commencement of the most important era that has yet occurred in the history of civilized Europe, and was about ten years old when her father, who had been long distinguished as a financier and able writer on political economy, was called upon to fill one of the chief offices of the state, as Minister of Finance to Louis XVI. Although Mademoiselle Necker was by nature quickwitted, energetic, and affectionate, the accessories of her position and education must have prodigiously increased the power and vivacity of her natural faculties, and had great influence over her peculiar intellectual development. Perhaps there was never so excitable a child, or one so early and imprudently stimulated. Her father's position, and the esteem in which he was held, with her mother's beauty and talents made their house the resort of the most intellectual society in Paris; and we have a picture of the precocious little wit at ten years of age, with brown complexion and bright black eyes, already sparkling with kindness and intelligence, surrounded by the chief men of the day, and eagerly listening to conversation on subjects far beyond her years. 'By the side of Madame Necker was a little wooden stool on which sat her daughter, obliged to hold herself very upright indeed. Scarcely had she taken her customary place there, when three or four gentlemen of the company came up and accosted her with the tenderest interest. One of them, who wore a little bob-wig, took her hands in his, and held them for a long time, conversing with her as if she had been five-and-twenty. This was the Abbé Raynal; the others were Messrs. Thomas, Marmontel, the Marquis de Pesay, and Baron von Grimm. At table, you should have seen how she listened; not a word did she utter, and yet she seemed to be speaking, so much expression did her flexible features display. Her eyes eagerly followed the looks and motions of those who spoke, as if to seize the ideas before they were uttered. She took an interest in all that was said, even on political subjects, which at this time were the leading topics of conversation. . . .

'After dinner, came more company; and every one, on approaching Madame Necker, had a word to say to her daughter of compliment or raillery. She answered all with perfect ease and grace. They took pleasure in attacking her, embarrassing her, and in exciting that little imagination, already so brilliant.' Extraordinary treatment this, it will be agreed, of a little being already so brimful of sensibility, that the praise of her parents would fill her eyes with tears, and the mere sight of a person of celebrity

cause her heart to palpitate!' But M. and Madame Necker, though devoted parents after their respective fashions, seem to have been as little prudent as they were of one mind in respect to their daughter's upbringing. The mother is everywhere described as a noble-minded woman of fine understanding, and accomplished, though somewhat formal manners. The daughter of a protestant clergyman, in the canton of Berne, she had herself been so carefully trained, and had acquired so much by profound study, that she had, unfortunately, become convinced that there was nothing in natural bent, and everything in proper method. In the last degree true to her principles, she studied herself, society, individuals, the art of writing, of housekeeping, and above all, that of preserving the purity of her principles; then reduced all these to system, and from this system, deduced precise rules for the regulation of her conduct. No great wonder, then, that as Madame de Saussure allows, 'there was a stiffness in her, and near her,' and that her daughter should have respected rather than loved her.

The father, on the other hand, though full of benevolence and practical wisdom in general, appears to have been somewhat self-indulgent as a family man, and even slightly capricious towards his model-consort. She is said to have possessed his love, confidence, and admiration in a high degree; but we suspect a less pretending woman might have suited and pleased him in a yet higher degree. Indeed, he confided to Madame de Saussure one day, that the only fault he had to Madame Necker was her faultlessness—'that there was nothing to pardon in her.' He was solemn and reserved in society, perhaps as much from caution as profundity; was probably tired of being always wise, and would, not unnaturally, have preferred unbending and being amused rather than edified in the leisure of his home. Instead, therefore, of showing an ardent interest in the ingenious speculations of his accomplished better-half, he rather discouraged her zeal; actually prohibited her from spending her time in composition; would not allow her to have a writing-table in the room, in case he might at any time be annoyed by the fear of interrupting her; took a mischievous pleasure in thwarting her in the education of her daughter; and, in short, showed himself to be quite as selfish and intolerant as the most ignorant and narrow minded of men.

But from the first, there seems to have been an affinity even stronger than is usual between the father and daughter. As a child, he adored her, could not bear her to be out of his sight, or to have her contra-

dicted; was perpetually caressing her, joking with her, and encouraging her in her wildest sallies; and afterwards took the deepest interest in her growing powers, considering her throughout his life as the first of women. And her love for him was manifested equally early. It seemed to grow with her growth, assumed the evervarying tints of her ardent temperament and brilliant genius, and may be said to have been the ruling passion of her entire existence.

Our Gibbon, the historian, had an attachment to Madame Necker in her girlhood, and proposed to marry her, but broke off the match. We hear of him afterwards as a constant visitor and cherished friend of the Necker family in Paris. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, accounts for the marriage not going forward, by a supposition that 'his father most probably kept his own gig, and so would not hear of such a union;' and he humorously pictures the future Madame de Staël as 'romping about the knees of the Decline and Fall—Necker not jealous.' Whether she ever romped, however, seems to be doubtful. She is said to have had a premature youth instead of infancy; and, indeed, the only childish trait recorded of her, is in a proposal she gravely made to her mother at the age of ten, that she should marry Mr. Gibbon for the purpose of securing to her parents the gratification of his society!

In accordance with the mother's system of education, she studied assiduously from her earliest days. She not only listened to literary and political conversations, and witnessed theatrical exhibitions of all kinds before entering her teens, but had even then begun to exercise her understanding by literary composition. She composed eclogues and portraits. At fifteen, she made extracts from the *Spirit of Laws*, with observations, and wrote a very remarkable letter to her father on his publication of the *Compte Rendu*—an account rendered to Louis XVI. of the exact state of the public funds—which he recognised from the fervency of its style. The Abbé Raynal tried to prevail on her to write something on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes for his great work.

Nor was the element of novel and romance reading wanting to complete this unique education, in the selection of which Madame Necker, more severe than vigilant, did not always preside. Nothing was so delightful to the young mademoiselle, as to shed torrents of tears over the sufferings or noble traits of fictitious heroes and heroines, many of which her lively and ardent imagination completely realized. The carrying

away of Clarissa Harlowe, always appeared to her to have been one of the real events of her youth. It is no wonder, then, that a *régime* calculated to give intense and unnatural activity to the intellectual and moral being, should have injured the physical powers. Dr. Trousseau is called, and prescribes total relaxation from study, and to pass the whole day in the open air with a youthful companion. An entirely poetical life succeeds. The two young ladies wander delightedly amidst the thickets of St. Ouen, clothed as nymphs or muses; recite verses, compose poems, and write and act plays. Life is saved, and bodily health restored. But the new *régime* offers nutriment in still greater abundance to the imagination.

'And pours it all upon the peccant part.'

Madame Necker was vexed and disappointed at this breach in the routine of her daughter's education. To give up the regular acquisition of knowledge was, in her opinion, to renounce all hope of distinction. She had none of the pliability which enables us to vary our means. She is said to have conquered nature too successfully, to have been much under the dominion of instinct. The charms of her daughter's infancy had, therefore, had but few attractions for her, and now that she was unable to train her reason according to preconceived ideas and rules, she could no longer take an interest in the work as her own. What was worse, she could not repress a feeling of jealousy when she witnessed the delight her husband took in their daughter's quick-wittedness and originality of expression—qualities so opposite to her own, that she could not flatter herself he was admiring and loving her over again in her offspring. In truth, though the young lady had inherited many of the distinguished mental qualities of her mother, as nature had, in addition, lavished on her the gift of a brilliant genius, it is not wonderful that she soon outgrew her preceptress. She had the same ardent mind, strong feelings, love of the beautiful and sublime, and value for talents and eminence of every kind; but becoming every day more and more conscious of powers within herself, of which, as it seemed to her, her mother's lessons rather restrained than assisted the natural and perfect development, she grew impatient and distrustful of minute rules and methods; and though still dutiful both in conduct and demeanour, was inclined to go over to the opposite extreme in opinion, and to believe that all might be achieved by a good heart and happy spontaneous impulse. She desired, therefore, to become the representative of the natural, as her mo-

ther was that of the acquired qualities and endowments; and this idea, though but half formed and imperfectly followed out, perhaps too long influenced her judgment.

But let us try to picture our heroine, as, large-hearted, sanguine, and impulsive, she now stood on the threshold of her remarkable career. Beautiful she could not be called—her features were too strong for that; but she had splendid eyes, and long dark eyelashes, a lively colour, and altogether an animated flexible countenance, in which her bright thoughts and evervarying emotions were visibly depicted. Wonderfully eloquent, graceful in her movements, and with something peculiarly touching in the cadences of her finely modulated voice, her ideas, gestures, and words were all in perfect unison. Too benevolent and generous herself almost to comprehend the nature of hatred, envy, or uncharitableness in others, she seemed to enter life with a feeling of confidence that bade defiance to fate. It was in the first bright dawn of the Revolution, a great impulse had been given to thought in general, and new hopes for mankind were agitating the best and most earnest minds of her own and other countries. All Frenchmen seemed then to be actuated by a sincere and disinterested enthusiasm, public spirit had become general, and this brilliant creature appeared to be the very genius of the times—born of them and for them. The love of glory, of liberty, the natural beauty of virtue, and the charm of the tender sentiments, were the passions of her soul and the sources of her inspiration. Of a man so richly endowed, it might safely have been predicted that he would command the love and sympathy of every generous mind. But, alas! such remarkable gifts seem to be unsuited to the very nature of woman, and must ever carry with them the fatal destiny of unhappiness. Goethe's simile of the oak planted in a china vase, exactly fits the case: the strong spirit breaks down the delicate wall of conventionalities which environs her. And of what avail are the burning thoughts, the breathing words? Her position, in spite of herself, clings to her still, is part of her, and will ever render her powerless; for active man, from jealousy, will not listen to her, and women shrink from her as no longer of them!

It is perhaps unprofitable to speculate on the probable difference that a marriage of affection would have made in the happiness of Mademoiselle Necker's life. But her love for her father rose almost to idolatry, and she was so easily led by her affection, so ready to invest its possessor with the warm lights of her own glowing imagination,

that the influence and support of a husband, the object at once of her love and perfect esteem, might certainly have altered the whole color of her destiny. This best blessing and most powerful safeguard of woman's happiness was not, however, in the list of her advantages; she had but the ordinary chance of a *mariage de convenance*. It might have been worse; for, though twice her age, and quite unsuited to her, she was not unhappy with her husband. Her father, as it is said, forced her to make a judicious choice; and at twenty years of age she became the wife of a Swedish nobleman of high character—the Baron de Staël Holstein, then ambassador at Paris from the court of Gustavus III. This marriage gave her the rank and independence her father desired for her. He probably foresaw approaching troubles in France, and considered that the baron's diplomatic position there would be a protection to his household.

Though it is far from our present purpose to enter into the events of the Revolution, we must mention that at the time of his daughter's marriage, M. Necker had been for some years in retirement. He had lost his place by aiming at a system of economy distasteful to the courtiers of both sexes; had taken up his abode at St. Ouen, his country-house, two leagues from Paris, and had been afterwards exiled from thence forty miles from Paris, by a *lettre-de-cachet*, in consequence of having defended his honor against the groundless accusation by M. Calonne, the minister, of having understated the actual amount of the national expenditure in the *Compte Rendu*. As he had done much to ameliorate the abuses of unequal taxation, and his wife had devoted herself throughout his whole ministry to the improvement of charitable institutions, his retirement from office had been generally regretted, and the news of his banishment very ill received. All Paris had rushed to St. Ouen to condole with him, every country-seat at the prescribed distance had been placed at his disposal, and his persecution converted into a triumph. But M. Necker was a real patriot; and as he had faith in himself, he was greatly discomposed at having been obliged to resign office at so critical a time. During the seven years which elapsed between his first and second ministry, he was in a state of perpetual chagrin at witnessing the overthrow of all his plans for the improvement of France by equal taxation and a wise economy. On his recall in 1788, he had all but lost hope that the government could now be saved from the threatened complete disorganisation; and when Madame de Staël, who in spite of her fears and clear-sightedness, fondly hoped

that everything would yet go right were her father once more at the helm of affairs, eagerly flew to St. Ouen to apprise him of his nomination, he received the news almost in despair. 'Ah,' he said, 'it is too late! Had they given me the first fifteen months of my retirement! but power at this crisis is only a tremendous responsibility.' He, however, obeyed the king's orders.

Burke says in one of his writings, that 'M. Necker was recalled, like Pompey, to his misfortune, and like Marius, he sat down on ruins.' He was certainly not sanguine himself; but it is Madame de Staël's fixed opinion, that at the date of his recall, had the aristocratic party made anything like reasonable concessions to the growing spirit of the times, even agreed freely to give up its exemption from taxation, all the evils and horror of the Revolution would have been averted. The time had come when change was necessary and absolutely inevitable. Louis XVI. was weak rather than tyrannical, and but for the clamours and tenacity of the nobility, would have been content to reign henceforward like the king of England, a constitutional, and no longer an arbitrary monarch. 'A great revolution is at hand,' said Monsieur—afterwards Louis XVIII.—to the municipality of Paris; 'and the king, by his views, his virtues, and his supreme rank, ought to be at its head.'

Famine, added to the long and grievous oppression, had roused the tame spirits to the demand of immediate relief, and a better representation of their rights; and the king had so far attended to the signs of the times, as to consent to the doubling of the people's representatives. M. Necker, the advocate and representative of the *juste milieu* policy, came back in time to watch over the interests of all parties. At his return he found the prisons full, the treasury empty, and the people starving. He induced the king to give up *lettres-de-cachet*. By immense exertions, and the noble sacrifice of his private fortune, he was able to restore the public credit, and in some degree to ameliorate the horrors of famine; and he drew up a plan of a constitution, which if immediately put in operation, would have insured the gratitude of the Tiers Etat, then eager to rally round the king. But the nobles—particularly the provincial *noblesse*, were too ignorant and prejudiced to be so easily taught to recognise their true interests. Cabals abounded on all sides. The king, timid, vacillating, and unable to place dependence on the army, was privately worked on to seek the assistance of foreign troops; and factious obstacles were thrown in the way of the meeting of the States-general. The patriot Necker is again dismissed;

the dangers of anarchy grow every day more imminent and threatening; Necker is again recalled, again dismissed, and again borne back in triumph; but this time certainly with no hope of being able to avert the total overthrow of the throne, and of all existing institutions. We need not go on.

During this interesting period, Madame de Staël lived an excited and not unprosperous life. The fervors of her filial affection were duly responded to, and she had seen her father, if for a time overborne and misunderstood, repeatedly borne back to his high office, cheered by general applause, and his faithful services to his country warmly recognised. In spite of the harassing occupation of his mind by the most important affairs, she had the comfort of seeing and listening to him constantly, and of feeling that association with her was soothing and supporting to him. She had not expected to find that felicity in her marriage she knew so well how to picture; but she respected her husband, and took the tenderest interest in her children. She was in the very flower of her youth. With her sociable heart, and remarkable powers of conversation, it is no wonder that she had an exquisite relish for society, or that her reception in the brilliant world of Paris should have been flattering in the extreme. Her literary reputation was rising through these years, gradually but steadily; and as her writings, even the crude and imperfect sketches of her teens, were in their turns the depositories of her genuine feelings and convictions, we cannot but look upon them with the deepest interest. They are, indeed, the *facts* of her inner life, and accurately mark its progress. Her early taste was for poetry, embodying the finer sentiments of love, heroism, gratitude, and self-sacrifice. Sensibility and a tender melancholy, rather than violent passion, are its characteristics. Before her twentieth year, she had written a comedy in verse—*Sophia*; or *Secret Sentiments*; and several tragedies. Two of these plays are among those published by her son after her death, as specimens of her early powers. But they were not written for the press. She used to read them aloud sometimes to parties of her friends, and with her remarkable command of intonation and expression, it is no wonder that, sketchy and imperfect as they are, they should have met with universal applause. While yet in her teens, she was also the author of three novels, said to be full of fine touches of sensibility and pathos. Like most youthful geniuses, her predominating aim at this time was to excite the stronger emotions. She, therefore, gives free scope to the deeply tragic vein which at all times pervaded her mind, and is far too prodigal of death and

misery. She does not, however, seem to have attached much importance to these slight productions. They were not published for many years after they were written, and even then, not so much on their own account, apparently, as to serve as an occasion for giving to the world, by way of introduction, a well-considered essay on fiction, full of ingenious views and striking ideas. But the great effort of her youthful intellect was her letters on the character and writings of J. J. Rousseau. In these, she breaks ground vigorously, and first exhibits the full energy of her mind and the remarkable fertility of her thoughts. Indications are there, if sometimes rude, confused, and unfashioned, yet undoubtedly the veritable germs of all the opinions afterwards so distinctly developed in her maturer works. In trying to fathom the depths of her author, she also, perhaps for the first time, gained some idea of her own powers. Though he often inspires her with enthusiastic admiration, she is never carried away by him, but retains her independence of mind, trusts to her own convictions, and will accept nothing that she does not fully feel and appreciate. At this time, her intellect seemed with every day to add something to its athletic powers. She was a distinguished member of the brilliant society she has described, in which the interesting topics of man's moral and spiritual destiny were eagerly welcomed and discussed; the confused and tangled threads attempted to be unravelled, and the connection traced between it and the highest benevolence. A certain calm freedom seems to pervade these letters, indicating that the heart is yet untouched by passion; that the storms of life, if imagined, realised as possible, are yet too distant to have disturbed the pure atmosphere, or clouded the morning serenity.

But soon came the fiery ordeal. Inflamed from her birth with the love of true freedom, she had in her work on Rousseau paid her homage to liberty with the animation and warmth of a youthful devotee. Greatly admiring the English constitution, she saw in the dawn of the French Revolution only a promise that France would become as free as England; that her beloved countrymen would now be placed on the level of true men, secured in those rights and privileges which at once expand the intellect and elevate the dignity of the human species. She felt that the hand of fate was on the curtain, and her sanguine imagination and warm heart readily supplied the grand drama now to be enacted. And if we consider her temperament and early training, and the belief which she fondly entertained, that her adored and honored father was largely con-

tributing to these inestimable benefits to mankind, we shall neither wonder at her enthusiasm nor at the shock her whole moral nature received on the downfall of her hopes. With a profound hatred of tyranny, and the tenderest sympathy with suffering, the Reign of Terror was to Madame de Staël peculiarly dreadful. She seemed to experience that bitterest of pangs, 'to be wounded in the house of her friends.' 'It seems to me,' as she afterwards touchingly expresses it, 'that the partisans of liberty are those who feel the most profound detestation of the atrocities committed in its name. Their adversaries, no doubt, may have a just horror of them; but as these very crimes furnish arguments for their system, they do not excite in them, as in the friends of liberty, grief of various kinds at once.'

During the reign of Robespierre, Madame de Staël was scarcely able to use her pen. Her whole faculties were absorbed in the eager desire she felt to rescue victims from impending death, and in scheming how to shelter and comfort the unfortunate. Nothing can exceed the interest of her own account of the events of these terrible days and nights. Situated as she was in the very centre of action, and elevated by her understanding to the height of those principles of liberty, in the name, but in reality in the abuse and degradation of which so much evil was poured out upon the human race, her excitement and suffering were only equalled by her exertions to rectify, sustain, and ameliorate. 'We seemed,' she says, 'descending like Dante, from circle to circle, always to a lower hell.' Her only literary exertion during these days of darkness was her tract in defence of the queen. She had never been a favourite with Marie Antoinette—her manners were probably too impulsive and direct to be successful at any court. But this made no difference, if it did not rather stimulate her generosity to greater exertions. The defence was written with the most delicate tact, yet with a force and eloquence calculated to touch even the hard hearts to which it was addressed. Soon after the death of Robespierre, Madame de Staël published two political pamphlets in favour of peace: *Reflections on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt*, and *Reflections on Internal Peace*—the first of which received the praise of Mr. Pitt in the British House of Commons. Both are important historical documents, containing much sound reasoning and some profound remarks and anticipations which seem to have been sagaciously prophetic of subsequent events.

While torn and agitated by the storms of this disastrous period, she tried to regain her composure of mind by employing her

thoughts in an analysis of the passions, now so freely let loose all around her. In witnessing the blind fury with which ambition and party spirit were fast overturning and treading under foot that virtue, reason, and liberty under the banners of which they had pretended to range themselves, it is no wonder that she looked on the whole movement of the passions as a fatal and destructive fever. In this work—*On the Influence of the Passions on Individual and National Happiness*—she characterises them so distinctly in their infinitely varied aspects, and minutely differing shades, that we seem to have placed before us a gallery of individual portraits, with which our experience is more or less familiar. Nothing can be more masterly than the analysis; and if she goes further in condemning as inimical to true happiness such affections as those of love, friendship, the desire of glory, and filial devotion, than any one except the renewed Christian has a right to do—it must be set down to the ravages and excess of the times, rather than to the want of human sympathy; for in general, no one had ever a finer perception than Madame de Staël of the point where the abuse of one rule impinges upon another no less important. To those who, by virtuous effort, are able to free themselves from the dominion of passion in all its forms, she holds out in this work such compensations as, a 'calm and musing disposition, a tender, melancholy, and a contemplative resignation.' Cold comforts, alas! but at this time of her life, faith in and duty to God were not, as they afterwards became, Madame de Staël's sheet-anchor and principle of action; and the inconsistency, as well as the faulty morality of the book, lies in offering nothing external, no higher motive than self, for the sacrifice of self. Instead of saying, 'avoid all passion, because it will assuredly render you unhappy,' she ought to have said, 'watch carefully your passions, or they will render you criminal.'

It was not long after the publication of her book on the Passions, that Madame de Staël first saw the great disturber of her peace and enemy of her life. General Bonaparte had before this time been much talked of in Paris. He had shown himself as remarkable by his capacity for business as for his victories; and the imagination of the French had begun to attach itself warmly to him. In the name of the Republic, he had rapidly and brilliantly conquered Italy; and though a few attentive observers even then early suspected him of the design of making himself king of Italy, he was admired and trusted by many of the zealous and sincere republicans of the

Directory, who would have regarded a man's desiring to turn the Revolution to his own personal advantage as a shame and a degradation. Calculating on a reaction in the minds of a people weary of excitement and sacrifices, this able tactician wisely foresaw, that a breathing-time of peace would now be the most acceptable offering he could make to France. He therefore signed the treaty of Campo Formio with Austria—a proceeding which, as it contained the surrender of the Venetian Republic, was no less arbitrary than the partition of Poland—and arriving in Paris towards the end of 1797, may be said to have virtually begun his reign. But his ambition was not at once apparent; there was a spirit of moderation and simplicity in his manner which inspired confidence. In the discussion of business he exhibited a certain quiet air of self-possession, which invariably commands respect; and there was a shortness as well as aptness in his conversational phrases, which gave them weight, and made them easily remembered and quoted.

In spite of her admiration of heroes, Madame de Staël seems never to have heartily liked or esteemed Bonaparte after she had made his personal acquaintance. At first, she was inclined to regard him with the utmost favor, for which she gives the womanly reasons that, 'besides his talents and bravery, he was said to be much attached to his wife, and was feelingly alive to the beauties of Ossian'—a poet for whom she entertained a violent admiration. But his cold egotism and want of generosity soon chilled her enthusiasm.

In examining the circumstances, we find no ground at all for Mr. Ingersoll's ungenerous, and somewhat tardy attempt to defend Napoleon's unmanly and most unwarrantable persecution of her, by insinuations against her virtue. It is surely a little too late in the Bonaparte family to ask credence for the first time now to such an interpretation of the facts, which caused the more amiable Joseph Bonaparte so much shame and regret, and induced him to befriend Madame de Staël to the utmost of his power, while the victim of his brother's persecution. Such cruelties were not at all likely to be practised by a man towards a woman 'because she made love to him.' It ought surely to have been panoply sufficient for the 'superior chastity' Mr. Ingersoll claims for his hero, that 'he treated her courtship not only repulsively, but contemptuously.' A rustic Scottish lover when roughly used by his mistress, pathetically exclaimed: 'Tho' ye dinna like a body, ye needna ding a body ower;' and even supposing Mr. Ingersoll's base insinuation to

have been truth-founded, poor Madame de Staël need not have been hated and hunted down to the death as she was. Even one so devoid of 'pity or ruth' as Napoleon, ought, from very self-love, to have overlooked a few symptoms of irritation in 'a woman scorned'; and he probably would; but this was not the cause: what he could not pardon in her, was her nobleness of mind, the attractions of her wit and eloquence, her true patriotism and hatred of tyranny, and greatest offence of all, that she rigidly abstained from praising him in any of her works. Meeting him frequently in society, and aware, as she appears to have been from the first, of his power for good or evil, it seems to us to give no color to Mr. Ingersoll's accusation of Madame de Staël, that 'she eagerly sought opportunities of conversing with him.' As money could not immediately be raised for the proposed conquest of distant Egypt, and he was anxious to do something without delay, calculated to keep alive the enthusiasm excited by his Italian successes, Bonaparte had then proposed to invade Switzerland. The pretext for this war was, the situation of the Pays de Vaud, which being entitled to claim an independent existence, was oppressed by the aristocrats of Bern, and imprudently willing to accept of French assistance in making good its rights. Madame de Staël clearly saw that the terrible intervention of the French would necessarily hazard the whole independence of Switzerland—that beautiful and happy country, which had enjoyed repose for many centuries—her fatherland, and the asylum to which her parents had finally retired, when hopeless of being any longer useful to France, the country of their adoption. The cause appeared to her so sacred, that strong in her convictions and her eloquence, she was not without hopes that Bonaparte would listen to her plan in favor of it. They had several conferences together on the subject. He heard her to an end, but without the slightest effect; for, as she says, 'Cicero and Demosthenes together would not draw him to any sacrifice of personal interest.' The exhibition then made of her enthusiasm and eloquence, was, no doubt, only an additional reason for his dread and dislike of herself, and gives color to an affecting remark of her own. 'In every circumstance of my life,' she says, 'the errors which I have committed in politics have proceeded from the idea, that men were always capable of being moved by truth, if it was presented to them with force.'

At this time, Bonaparte wished to overturn the Directory, and substitute himself in its stead; but in spite of his general wish to be popular, for this object, he did not dis-

guise his dislike to all female politicians, especially those possessed of wit and eloquence; and had Madame de Staël had such designs as those Mr. Ingersoll imputes to her, she could hardly have thought the discussion of politics a hopeful route to his heart. 'I saw him one day,' she says, 'approach a French lady, distinguished for her beauty, her wit, and the ardour of her opinions. He placed himself straight before her, like the stiffest of German generals, and said to her: "Madame, I don't like women to meddle with politics." "You are right, general," replied she; "but in a country where they lose their heads, it is natural for them to desire to know the reason." Bonaparte made no answer. He is a man who is calmed by an effective resistance.'

He had heard that Madame de Staël had at one of her own parties spoken strongly against the dawning oppression, the progress of which she clearly foresaw; and desirous of gaining her over to his interests, sent his brother Joseph, whom she had always liked, to talk to her. He said: "'My brother complains of you. 'Why,' said he to me yesterday, 'why does not Madame de Staël attach herself to my government? What is it she wants? The payment of the deposit of her father?—I will give orders for it. A residence in Paris?—I will allow it her. In short, what is it she wishes?'" "Good God!" replied I, "it is not what I wish, but what I think, that is in question." Of course, this answer would be reported to him, and would do her no good.

As Sweden had early acknowledged the French Republic, the Baron de Staël resided constantly at Paris as minister, and it had been Madame de Staël's home for many years. But on Switzerland being threatened with immediate invasion, she quitted Paris in January, 1798, and rejoined her father at Coppet. He was still on the list of emigrants, and as a positive law condemned to death emigrants who remained in a country occupied by the French, she was anxious about his safety, and hoped to persuade him to quit his abode. But he would not. 'At my age,' said he, 'a man should not wander upon the earth.' She imputes the real motive of his refusal to his reluctance to leave the tomb of her mother, who had died there four years before, and which he had never passed a day without visiting. Madame de Staël insisted on remaining to protect him, and thus describes her own terror when the troops appeared, which, however, was at this time groundless:—

"When the entry of the French was positively announced, my father and myself, with my young children, remained

alone in the château of Coppet. On the day appointed for the violation of the Swiss territory, our inquisitive people went down to the bottom of the avenue; and my father and I, who were awaiting our fate together, placed ourselves in a balcony, commanding a view of the high road by which the troops were to arrive. Though it was the middle of winter, the weather was delightful; the Alps were reflected in the lake; and the noise of the drum alone disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. My heart throbbed violently, from the apprehension of what might menace my father. I knew that the Directory spoke of him with respect; but I knew also the empire of revolutionary laws over those who had made them. At the moment when the French troops passed the frontier of the Helvetic Confederation, I saw an officer quit his men to proceed towards our château. A mortal terror seized me; but what he said soon reassured me. He was commissioned by the Directory to offer my father a safeguard."—*Considerations on the French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 217.

This clemency was gratefully received by them both; and as, by the union of Geneva shortly afterwards, M. Necker became legally the Frenchman he had always been in his sentiments, Madame de Staël carried a memorial to Paris from him, requesting that his name should be erased from the list of emigrants, which was graciously complied with. She then tried to negotiate with the Directory for payment of the two millions of livres which her father had left deposited in the public treasury. The government acknowledged the debt, and offered payment out of the estates of the clergy, which Necker, with his usual nice sense of honor, refused; not, as she says, that he meant thus to assume the colors of the party who consider the sale of that property illegal, but because he had never in any situation wished to make his opinions and interests coincide, in case there should be a possibility of the slightest doubt of his entire impartiality.

Madame de Staël's mind was now lightened of the anxiety she had long suffered on her father's account; and being out of sight of Bonaparte, who was prosecuting his military successes, she was able to breathe freely, and allow her thoughts to flow in their natural channels. We have hinted that her marriage was one of *convenience* rather than affection. Her mother had made a point of her marrying a Protestant; her father, that she should not quit France; and the baron, though double her age, and not particularly suited to her in taste or talent, was good-tempered, liberal, and

very desirous to form the connection. They had lived peaceably, though a little coldly, together. He had engaged never to take her to Sweden without her own consent, but she had readily accompanied him when duty had called him there for a time. It is probable, therefore, that the union would have continued unbroken, had not the baron, who had always been improvidently generous, become so prodigal in his expenditure, that his affairs became deranged, and it seemed necessary for the interests of her children that Madame de Staël should separate herself from him, in order to prevent her fortune from being entirely squandered. But the separation was not of long duration. When weakened by the progress of age and disease, he seemed to require her attentions, she immediately rejoined him; and they were travelling together to Switzerland, with the intention of settling near M. Necker, when death carried him off.

It was during her separation from her husband that Madame de Staël composed her celebrated work on human progress; that splendid effort of a mind fully matured by reflection, and yet burning with youthful energy and enthusiasm. Wounded and disappointed in the present, her imagination seemed to take refuge in the glorious future, which her benevolent and ever-hopeful temperament delighted in believing to await the race of man. In this book, which she names *Literature considered in its Connection with Social Institutions*, she examines the mutual relations that exist between institutions, manners, and literature; distinctly traces the delicate threads which connect the state of society with that of philosophy and religion, and points out how invariably writers, though always influenced by the character of their nation, also react on that character itself. In the introduction, the importance of mental labor is strongly set forth; and the connection clearly indicated between literature and virtue, liberty and happiness. She eloquently proves that the greatest literary beauties have their root in the loftiest morality; that good taste springs from sound intellect; and genius from the exaltation of ardent and generous faculties. One half of the work is devoted to an examination of the past and the present; and the other, to the prospects of the future. In the first, after determining the character of every nation, in the various periods of its history, and that of its most distinguished writers, she passes rapidly in review the whole body of existing literature; and with her rare faculty of seizing the most characteristic feature of all objects, seems able to present to us the entire spirit of the past. The

second volume is filled with advice to the writers of free states, and treats of future literature, particularly that of France. The great object she had here in view, was the regulation and extension of the influence of liberty. This remarkable book is no abstract of received truths; it is a series of novel conceptions boldly seized and carefully reasoned out. She considers every subject as if she were the first person who had ever studied it, and whether we may agree with her or not, we feel that she is giving us her own, and no borrowed convictions. All her efforts are directed to one end—to show that there is a progress; that the advance of knowledge has been real and constant, in spite of vicissitudes; that we can trace the law of the moral improvement of man through all the obscurities of time; and that the human race is tending, however slowly, towards a state of perfection.

The great subject here treated of has since been fully and ably discussed by some of the best minds of Madame de Staël's age, and that which has succeeded it; and though it is generally alleged that she pursued the fascinating idea of human perfectibility with a sanguine and assured spirit that led her sometimes into rash and questionable conclusions, it is not denied that it helped her also to many true explanations of existing phenomena, and enabled her to throw light upon much that otherwise seemed sufficiently dark and unaccountable. But her literary efforts were not confined to politics and philosophy alone at this time; her burning imagination required an outlet through fiction. From her own position, probably, her mind had long been occupied with the difficulties and suffering which beset the path of women, particularly of those who, endowed with genius and an ardent desire for happiness, are yet denied that greatest earthly felicity—wedded love. It seemed to her as impossible for such women to confine themselves within the narrow limits of their destiny, as to overstep those limits, without exposing themselves to bitter sorrows; and this idea she tried to embody in *Delphine*, a novel in letters. Of course a heroine in the position indicated, and evidently springing out of the deep heart of the author, was found sufficiently interesting, and the book was read with great avidity. Our limits prevent us from giving a sketch of the story, which is the less to be regretted, that its morality is very faulty. It is, however, full of eloquence and passion, and is enriched with many fine delineations of generosity and devotedness, which, perhaps, ought to have rescued it, even in a bad translation, from the utter

contempt poured on it by Sidney Smith, in No. 8 of the *Edinburgh Review*, who begins by calling the book 'dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of its critic with gaping over it;' and ends by saying, that 'its celebrated author would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!'

Bonaparte had no sooner returned from Egypt, than he began to manifest openly the ill-will he had long felt towards Madame de Staël. He found her enjoying a great literary reputation, her house the resort of the most brilliant society of Paris, and her conversation, the ability and eloquence of which had always displeased him, eagerly sought after, and warmly appreciated even among his own generals. He was now First Consul, and his project of seizing the empire was rapidly progressing. A party of senators and generals, headed by Bernadotte, were suspected of being opposed to the usurpation; and as Madame de Staël was in the habit of frequently receiving Bernadotte and his friends, this was an additional reason for his desiring to get rid of one who was admired and popular, quite independently of him.

Next to the welfare of her father and dearest friends, Madame de Staël had always looked on the enjoyment of Parisian society as the most desirable of earthly goods. Madame de Saussure says of her, that her liking was always loving, and her love a devoted passion; and her love of Paris seems, indeed, to have been her ruling social passion. Long before this time, on an occasion when she expressed sympathy with Benjamin Constant, in a speech he proposed to make on the new dawn of tyranny, though she encouraged him to deliver it with all the strength of her convictions, she afterwards ingenuously confesses, that she could not help dreading what might happen to her in consequence. 'I was vulnerable,' she says, 'in my taste for society. Montaigne said formerly, I am a Frenchman through Paris; and if he thought so three centuries ago, what must it be now when we see so many persons of extraordinary intellect collected in one city, and so many accustomed to employ that intellect in adding to the pleasures of conversation? The demon of ennui has always pursued me: by the terror with which he inspires me, I could alone have been capable of bending the knee to tyranny, if the example of my father, and his blood which flows in my veins, had not enabled me to triumph over the weakness.' And she makes the additional confession, that had she foreseen what she was afterwards to suffer in her banishment from the dear delights of Paris, she would not have had the firmness to refuse M. Constant's

offer of renouncing his project in order not to compromise her.

It was now the summer of 1802, and every step of the First Consul announced more and more clearly his design of being Emperor. Aware of her own unpopularity with him, Madame de Staël set off to pay her usual summer visit to her father at Coppet, in a state of painful anxiety and mental depression. Letters from Paris informed her that she had no sooner departed, than Bonaparte openly accused her of seeking to bias Bernadotte against him. He remarked that people always came away from her house less attached to him than when they had entered it; and the impression of her friends in Paris was, that he meant to single her out as the only culprit—afraid of the greater popularity of Bernadotte with the French army. On her arrival at Coppet, she found that her father's work, entitled *Last Political and Financial Views*, was already in the press. M. Necker was animated by no personal resentment against Bonaparte in the publication of this book. The death of the Duc d'Enghien had not yet occurred; many people hoped for much benefit from his government; and M. Necker was disinclined to give him any cause of offence, both because he was anxious his daughter should not be banished from Paris, where she desired so exceedingly to stay, and because his own deposit of two millions was still in the hands of the government, or rather of the First Consul. But M. Necker, in his retirement, had imposed the propagation of truth as an official duty upon himself, the obligations of which no motive could induce him to neglect. He wished order and freedom, monarchy and a representative government, to be given to France; and as often as any deviation from this line occurred, he thought it his duty to employ his talent as a writer, and his knowledge as a statesman, to endeavour to bring back men's minds towards the true object. At that time, however, regarding Bonaparte as the defender of order, and the preserver of France from anarchy, he called him 'the necessary man;' and in several passages of his book, praised his abilities with expressions of esteem. But these eulogiums did not satisfy the great man. M. Necker had touched on the point which his ambition felt most acutely, by discussing the project he had formed of establishing a monarchy in France, of which he was to be the head, and of surrounding himself with a nobility of his own creation. Accordingly, as soon as the work appeared, the journalists received orders to attack it with the greatest fury; and, after its publication, no claim for the restoration of the deposit was ever admitted.

The First Consul took advantage of it also to declare, in the circle of his court, that he would not permit Madame de Staël to return to Paris any more, because she had given her father such false information on the state of France. The publication of *Delphine*, just at this time, was seized on as a further pretext for abuse and vituperation of the Necker family. It was criticised by all the court journals, denounced as highly immoral, and its author severely censured. Bonaparte himself dictated a letter to be sent by the Swiss consul to M. Necker, in which he was advised to meddle no more with politics, but to leave them to the First Consul, who knew very well how to govern France with wisdom; and the Swiss consul's letter ended by saying, that Madame de Staël was to be exiled from Paris on account of the *Last Views on Politics and Finance*, published by her father.

This letter was a great blow to Madame de Staël. It was now the beginning of the winter of 1802-3; a time when Bonaparte was popular with the opposition party in England as well as with all the great noblemen of feudal Germany. Paris, besides its ordinary agreeable society, was filled with brilliant Englishmen and other illustrious foreigners, and she had naturally the strongest desire to be among them. There was no positive prohibition of her return in M. le Brun's letter, nor had the prefect of Geneva yet received orders to refuse her a passport; and so ardent was her wish to be there, that she thought of going at once to try whether the First Consul, who at that time was still tender of public opinion, would venture to brave the murmurs her absolute banishment could not fail to excite. Her father, too, who reproached himself for being partly to blame for her unpopularity, offered to go to Paris to speak to him in her favor; and she had such an idea of his infallibility, so doting an admiration of 'the fine expression of his venerable looks,' which she imagined must captivate even Bonaparte himself, that she had almost consented to his making the journey. A little thought, however, awoke her from the illusion to which she had given herself up; she perceived how much more probable it was that the very advantages of intellect, reason, and virtue she so admired in her father, would rather weigh with the First Consul in desiring to humble their possessor; and refusing to allow him to run so obvious a risk, she settled herself, very unwillingly, at Geneva for the winter.

It appears strange that banishment from Paris should thus have been looked upon by Madame de Staël as an evil and cause of suffering almost beyond her endurance. With her great intellectual resources, her

fine heart, capable of attaching itself to whatever was lovable or excellent, and the power she possessed of interesting others, and of giving the tone to whatever society she entered; one would have supposed that she, of all people, ought not to have depended for her happiness upon any clique or association, however brilliant. But though she viewed with deep interest and philosophical curiosity every form of human society, she only seems to have *loved* that to which she had been accustomed, and to have felt herself *at home* only in the midst of the bustle and excitements among which her life had begun. She was not yet fully alive to the beauties of nature. Like Charles Lamb, she preferred the 'sweet security of streets,' to the most magnificent scenery the world contained, and thought with Dr. Johnson, that there was no scene equal to the high tide of human existence in the heart of a populous city. When guests who came to visit her at Geneva were in ecstasies with its lovely scenes—'Give me the Rue de Bac,' she said: 'I would rather live in Paris in the fourth story and with a hundred a year. I do not dissemble: a residence in Paris has always appeared to me under any circumstances the most desirable of all others. French conversation excels nowhere except in Paris, and conversation has been, since my infancy, my greatest pleasure.'

Believing that Bonaparte was too much occupied with his grand scheme for invading England, to have time to think any more of her offences towards him, Madame de Staël, in the autumn of 1803, ventured to go to a little country-seat she had at ten leagues from Paris. All she desired was to see a few of her most intimate friends there, and to go occasionally to the theatre and museum. But she had not been quietly settled there a month, before an officious lady told Bonaparte that the roads were covered with people going to visit her, and she was immediately given to understand that a *gendarme* would be sent in a few days with an order for her departure. Her imagination readily conjured up a scene of terror too formidable to be braved without any support or companionship except that of her young children, and she took refuge with a friend in the neighborhood. Even under her friend's protection, her agitation was but little lessened. She sat up all night listening at the window, every moment expecting to hear the tread of a mounted *gendarme*. Next morning, she wrote a letter to Joseph Bonaparte, describing her unhappiness, and begging for his intercession; and both Joseph and Lucien generously used all their efforts to befriend her, but

without effect. Madame Récamier, the celebrated beauty, proposed to her to come and live at her country-house at St. Brice, two leagues from Paris; and having no idea that one who took no part in politics could be injured by it, she willingly accepted the offer. There she found a delightful society collected, and for the last time enjoyed the full sweetness of what she so keenly relished.

Hearing nothing more of her banishment, she tried to persuade herself that Bonaparte had been induced to renounce the design, and a few days again ventured to her country-seat. But the blow had only been suspended. We quote her own graphic account of its fall: 'I was sitting at table with three of my friends, in a room which commanded a view of the high road and entrance-gate. It was now the end of September. At four o'clock, a man in a brown coat, on horseback, stops at the gate and rings. I was then certain of my fate. He asked to see me, and I went to receive him in the garden. In walking towards him, the perfume of the flowers, and the beauty of the sun particularly struck me. I felt how different are the combinations of society from those of Nature! This man informed me that he was the commandant of the *gendarmérie* of Versailles; but that his orders were to go out of uniform, that he might not alarm me. He showed me a letter signed by Bonaparte, which contained the order to banish me to forty leagues' distance from Paris, with an injunction to make me depart within twenty-four hours, and at the same time to treat me with all the respect due to a lady of distinction. He pretended to treat me as a foreigner, and, as such, subject to the police. . . . I told the *gendarme*-officer, that to depart within twenty-four hours might be convenient to conscripts, but not to a woman and children; and I proposed to him to accompany me to Paris, where I must pass three days in making the necessary arrangements for my journey. I got into my carriage with my children and this officer, who had been selected for the occasion as the most literary of the *gendarmes*. In truth, he began to compliment me upon my writings. "You see," said I, "the consequences of being a woman of intellect, and I would recommend you, if there is occasion, to dissuade any female of your family from distinguishing herself." I endeavored to keep up my spirits by boldness, but I felt the barb in my heart.' She went to a house she had had hired, but had not yet been able to inhabit, in Paris, where her friends came to see her, to condole, and to weep with her over the approaching separation. Then she examined every room, lingering longest over the pretty drawing-room, in which she had

pictured so much social enjoyment—the gendarme, in the meantime, coming every morning to press her to go off, and she, like poor Mrs. Bluebeard, begging for yet another day's respite. On the evening of the last day that could be granted, Joseph Bonaparte made one more vain effort in her favor; and his wife had the kindness to come and propose her to pass a few days at their country-house at Morfontaine. Although it was on the way to her exile, Madame de Staël accepted the invitation most gratefully—sensibly affected by Joseph's goodness in receiving her at his own house at the very time she was the object of his brother's persecution.

At last, it was absolutely necessary she should depart, though where to go she could not at once decide. The choice lay between Switzerland and Germany. She knew that her father would have tenderly welcomed home his poor bird ruffled by the storm; but she dreaded the ennui that would probably seize her on being sent back in this manner to a country she had, even in more favorable circumstances, found rather monotonous. She decided, therefore, on Germany; she had been promised a kind reception there; and it pleased her to think she should be able to place the politeness of ancient dynasties in full contrast with the rude impertinence of that which was preparing to subjugate France. Alas! how often and bitterly did she regret giving way to this movement of self-love! Had she then returned to Geneva, she would have once more seen her father, a pleasure she never again enjoyed on earth. He was kindly anxious that she should go to Germany, and wrote cheerfully urging it, and reminding her of the harvest of new ideas she would bring back to him in the spring. Joseph Bonaparte gave her excellent letters of introduction for Berlin, and bade her adieu in a noble and touching manner; and she set off, accompanied by Benjamin Constant, who sacrificed the pleasures of Paris that he might bear her company. At Frankfort, she had a new trial. Her daughter, afterwards the Duchess de Broglie, then only five years old, fell dangerously ill. She knew nobody in that city, nor a word of the language; and the physician who attended the child had scarcely a word of French. Her father wrote to her every day, and copied with his own hand prescriptions and consultations with physicians; and the child recovered. Arrived at Weimar, her courage rose; she soon began to see, through the difficulties of the German language, the immense intellectual riches its literature contained. She learned to read German, and listened attentively to Goethe and Wieland, who, fortunately for her, both spoke

French extremely well. She comprehended the mind and genius of Schiller, in spite of the difficulty he felt in expressing himself in a foreign language. The society of the Duke and Duchess of Weimar pleased her exceedingly, and she passed three months there, during which the study of German literature gave her mind the full occupation it required, to prevent her from being devoured by her own feelings.

But the ease and repose of mind enjoyed by Madame de Staël, among these new interests, were of short duration. She left Weimar for Berlin, where she was graciously received and kindly treated by the king and queen of Prussia, and had not been many weeks there, before the news reached her of the Duke d'Enghien's barbarous murder. At first, she refused to give credence to the report. Bad as she had thought Bonaparte, and bitterly as she disliked him, she could not believe in the possibility of his committing such an atrocity. The consternation of M. Necker at this tyrannical act seemed to lay prostrate the remaining powers of a life already much enfeebled; and the last lines to his daughter, traced by his hand, were an outpouring of grief and indignation. In a very few days after this, she found a letter on her table announcing that her father was dangerously ill. He was dead, but they feared to tell her the truth at once; and she set off instantly, animated by the most intense desire to see him once again. Though informed of his death before leaving Germany, she could take no rest without going to the place where his remains lay. Her own description of this terrible crisis of her troubled life will show, better than any words of ours could do, the wild poetry of her nature, and the true devotion of soul with which she regarded him who had been so emphatically her 'God upon earth!'

'When the real truth became known to me at Weimar, I was seized with a mingled sensation of inexpressible terror and despair: I felt that I was now without support in the world, and must henceforth rely entirely on myself for sustaining my soul against misfortune. Many objects of attachment still remained to me; but the sentiment of affectionate admiration which I felt for my father, exercised over me a sway with which no other could come in competition. Grief, which is the truest of prophets, predicted to me that I should never more be happy at heart as I had been whilst this large-hearted man watched over my fate; and not a single day since the month of April, 1804, has passed in which I have not connected all my troubles with his loss. So long as my father lived, I suffered only from imagina-

tion; for in the affairs of real life, he always found means to be of service to me. After losing him, I came in direct communication with destiny. It is, nevertheless, to the hope that he is praying for me in heaven, that I am indebted for the fortitude I retain. It is not merely the affection of a daughter, but the most intimate knowledge of his character, which makes me affirm, that I have never seen human nature carried nearer to perfection than it was in his soul. I should become mad with the idea that such a being could have ceased to exist. There was so much of immortality in his thoughts and feelings, that a hundred times when I have experienced emotions which elevate me above myself, I have felt convinced that I was still in immediate relation with him. . . . He was a truly great man—a man who, in no circumstances of his life, ever preferred the most important of his interests to the least of his duties: a man who was so good, that he could have dispensed with principles, and whose principles were so strict, that he might have dispensed with goodness.'

On her return to Switzerland after her father's death, her first desire was to seek some alleviation of her sorrow in giving to the world a faithful portrait of him she had lost, and in collecting the last traces of his thoughts; and in the autumn of 1804, she published his manuscripts, with a sketch of his public and private character. Soon after this, she went into Italy. Her health, much impaired by grief and misfortune, seemed to require that she should breathe the air of the south; and the beautiful sky of Naples, the recollections of antiquity, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art opened to her sources of enjoyment to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She returned from Italy in the summer of 1804, and passed a year at Coppet and Geneva, where some of her friends, and several intelligent and interesting Englishmen, were then residing; and it was during this time that she began to write *Corinne*.

This novel, the most popular of all Madame de Staël's works, might well be called 'Italy shown by the hand of love.' Its object was twofold: to interweave with the incidents of a fictitious narrative whatever was to be found most worthy of attention in beautiful Italy; and to compare and contrast in the hero and heroine the northern and southern temperament and character: and surely never was the union of the true with the fictitious more skillfully effected, nor the extreme of civilized Europe, Great Britain and Italy, more powerfully contrasted. The plot of this highly original tale, besides being well known, is too complicated to be sketched in the few words possible to our

limits. We refer those of our readers not already familiar with it, to the work itself, as one of the most interesting and affecting fictions in existence. It is a work of real genius, at once a poem and a revelation of the heart. Nothing can be more animated, lively, and even gay, than many of its scenes and descriptions; yet a thoughtful and tender melancholy is its prevailing sentiment, and scarcely a line seems to be written without deep emotion. It is supposed that Delphine was Madame de Staël herself—Corinne—the Muse of Italy—improvisatrice, musician, painter, and beautiful woman, was undoubtedly her ideal—what she would have wished to have been. In painting her, she probably wished to diminish the prejudices often entertained against great talents in women; and yet, in making her misfortunes spring from her genius and enthusiasm, the idea expressed in Delphine again recurs—that a woman endowed with superior faculties, who cannot confine herself to the path prescribed by public opinion, will, on deviating from it, soon fall a prey to the heaviest sorrows. There is no fault to the moral of this beautiful story. If Corinne be too impassioned and too fond of fame to suit her position as a woman, she affectingly confesses her errors; and the unhappiness she suffers in consequence of having been led too far by these human affections, is quite great enough, we should think, to satisfy the coldest and most conventional of censors. In her last fine improvisation, her farewell to Italy, she says:

'I had my inspiration from the skies—  
From evervarying nature, and I deemed  
That even upon earth our hearts could find  
Celestial happiness, which only seemed  
An endless aspiration of our mind  
To noble thoughts—and constancy of love.

No! I repent me not, that generous fire  
Is not the cause that I have washed with tears  
The grave that waits for me. Ah! had my lyre  
Been tuned to sing the goodness that appears  
Throughout the universe—the power Divine,  
Mine would have been a higher destiny:  
The immortal gifts of Heaven had been mine.  
And thou, my God! thou wilt not turn from me  
The glory of thy face; the homage high  
Of poetry is due to thee alone—  
Thought only brings us unto thee more nigh.

Yes, in my prime,  
Had I but fixed my never-dying love  
On him alone—ah! had I only placed  
My youthful head on high—far, far above  
Affection's reach—mine had not been the waste  
Of ruined hopes, nor mine the phantom-light  
That took the place of my chimeras bright.

Ah me! my glowing genius is no more!  
Or only felt in the unceasing flow  
Of my deep sorrow; yet my heart would pour  
One last farewell for thee, amidst my woe,  
My own dear country! Thou hast still a spell  
Over my being: once again farewell!

The success of *Corinne* was prodigious.

The deep reading displayed in it; the ingenious criticisms in art and literature; the delicate observation of life and manners; the poetry, passion, and profound religious feeling; all combined by true genius into a romantic, yet lifelike, whole, commanded every one's interest and applause; and there was but one voice respecting it throughout lettered Europe. Madame de Saussure informs us, that her son, who happened to be in Edinburgh at the moment when, notwithstanding the war, a few copies of *Corinne*, had reached it, wrote to tell Madame de Staël's friends at Geneva of the inconceivable noise it made, 'in that enlightened city.' 'The whole body of society there,' she says, 'was electrified: metaphysicians, geologists, professors of every kind, stopped one another on the street to inquire how far they had got in its perusal. The picture of the English manners was judged perfectly faithful; and it was said, that some little country town, the name of which Madame de Staël had never heard in her life, was grievously offended, because it was supposed she had intended to turn it into ridicule.'

Though there was nothing political in *Corinne*, the new literary popularity of its author highly exasperated Bonaparte against her. He was now Emperor, and intoxicated with power, he had no scruple in letting her know that her sentence of banishment was now stringently renewed. There was nothing, therefore, for Madame de Staël but to resign herself to it; and in 1807 she returned to Vienna, in order to collect materials for the great work she had long projected—a picture of Germany in regard to morals, literature, and philosophy.

It is impossible for us to give our readers any adequate idea of this stupendous effort of Madame de Staël's genius—the fruit of six years of patient examination, of careful and vigorous thinking. It is the most ambitious of all her works, and perhaps the most instructive. Those who are best acquainted with the vast intellectual development of Germany during the last seventy or eighty years, are alone able to appreciate its extraordinary merit. With the new language and society, a mode of seeing, feeling, and existing, entirely different from anything she had previously apprehended, seemed to be vividly revealed to her; and the number of new ideas she found in circulation among enlightened German thinkers, were eagerly seized on by her, and explained and illustrated with a beauty and originality of expression which gave them additional significance, even to those who had first given them birth. It was like the purple and perfume which a deep and rich soil lends to the simple wayside violet. 'My

daughter wants an initial word,' said M. Necker; and perhaps it was true; but this word was found by her everywhere and on all subjects, and her variations upon it generally contained finer harmonies and a grander and more significant music than the original theme. Sir James Mackintosh says of this work, that it is 'probably the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman;' and asks, 'what woman, indeed, or, we may add, how many men, could have preserved all the grace and brilliancy of Parisian society in analysing its nature—explained the most abstruse and metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably—and combined the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men or of nations, by the skillfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry?'

The fate of this work is well known. After it had gone through a rigid examination by censors, been passed by them, and 2000 copies of it printed, it was suppressed. On reading it, Bonaparte found its general spirit too inimical to despotic power, and gave orders that the whole impressions should instantly be seized and burned, and its author banished entirely from France. One passage in the minister of police's letter to Madame de Staël on the occasion, is too amusing not to be quoted. It throws light on the true reason of Bonaparte's rancour against her:—'You are not to seek for the cause of the order I have signified to you in the *silence* which you have observed with regard to the Emperor in your last work; *that would be a great mistake*. He could find no place there which was worthy of him. Your exile is a natural consequence of the line of conduct constantly pursued by you for several years past. It has appeared to me that *the air of this country did not at all agree with you*. We are not yet reduced to seek for models in the nations you admire.'

Those alone who are disposed to make light of all such persecutions as come short of chains and torture, will refuse their sympathy with Madame de Staël in what she suffered on this new act of tyranny. It was soon followed, however, by others which caused her far more poignant anguish than any merely personal suffering or contempt could have done. Persecution of herself was not enough—she must be wounded also in the objects of her affection. One after another of those who were dearest to her, were torn from her, and exiled from their country. M. Schlegel, one of the most distinguished literati of Germany, who had been her faithful friend, and the tutor of her

two sons for eight years, was ordered to quit Geneva and Coppet; the excuse for which was, that some of his literary opinions were objectionable—in particular, that in a comparison he had lately made between the *Phædra* of Euripides and that of Racine, he had given the preference to the former! But the real cause was, that he was Madame de Staël's friend, and that his society and conversation animated her solitude. Next, her life-long friend, M. de Montmorency, and the beautiful Madame Récamier, were both condemned to perpetual exile because they had gone to Coppet for only a few days to try to console her.

Our strict limits forbid us to do more than thus merely allude to the suffering of Madame de Staël during these years of Napoleon's great power, by far the most poignant part of which was in witnessing the contagion of unhappiness she diffused all around her. They oblige us, also, to pass entirely over many very interesting passages of her life—her escape into Russia, her gracious reception in that country, and her many interesting observations on its scenery, manners, and institutions; her stay in Sweden, and the publication there of her work on Suicide; her visit to England, where she was received with all the attention and respect due to her genius and political importance; and, finally, her return to France after the restoration of Louis XVIII., with the writing of her great works on the French Revolution, and *Ten Years of Exile*; which last was cut short by her death in 1817, at the age of fifty-one.

One important event of her life, however, must not be so quickly dismissed. It is that of her second marriage, in 1811, to M. Rocca, a handsome young French officer. It will be no subject of wonder that this union was, at the time, widely censured; and if we are to think only of Madame de Staël as rich, highly distinguished, and forty-five years of age, while her bridegroom was poor, handsome, and scarcely thirty, it seems difficult to banish the idea of its having originated on her side—in a weak, foolish, *engouement* for his youth and good looks, with perhaps a still more discreditable motive on his. Madame de N. Saussure assures us, however, that this is far from being the true view of the case; that a romantic attachment had long been entertained by M. Rocca for her, before the idea had entered into her mind of loving him; and her account of the whole affair is so interesting, and at the same time so candid, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire.

A young man, of good family, inspired a great deal of interest at Geneva by what was said of his eminent courage, and by the

contrast between his age and his tottering walk, his paleness, and the state of weakness to which he was reduced. Some wounds received in Spain, the effects of which ultimately proved mortal, had brought him to the gates of death, and he remained ill and suffering. A compassionate word or two addressed to the unfortunate man by Madame de Staël had a prodigious effect on him. There was something celestial in her tone of voice. Madame de Tessé once said: "If I were a queen, I would have Madame de Staël to talk to me always." This ravishing music renewed the existence of the young man; his head and heart were fired; he set no bounds to his wishes, and immediately formed the greatest projects. "I will love her so," he said to one of his friends at an early period, "that she will at length marry me"—a singular expression, which might have been inspired by various motives, but to which the most uninterrupted devotedness and enthusiasm oblige us to give a favourable interpretation.

These high pretensions were seconded by circumstances. Madame de Staël was extremely unhappy, and weary of being so. Her highly elastic mind had a tendency to rise again, and required but one hope. Thus, at the moment when the bonds of her captivity were drawing more and more close, and gloomy clouds from all quarters were gathering over her head, a new day came to break upon her, and the dream of her whole life, matrimonial love, seemed capable of being realised for her. What such a union was in her eyes, is well known. That pleasantry of hers which has been quoted, "I will oblige my daughter to marry for love"—expressed a serious opinion. The idea of forming such a tie herself, had never during the ten years of her widowhood been altogether a stranger to her mind. In speaking of the asylum which she hoped one day to find in England, she has sometimes said: "I feel a want of tenderness, of happiness, and of support; and if I find there a noble character, I am willing to make a sacrifice of my liberty." This noble character was found on a sudden close by her. No doubt she might have made a more suitable choice; but the inconvenience of love-matches is—that they do not originate from choice.

It is certain, however, that this union rendered her happy. She had formed a just opinion of the noble mind of M. Rocca; she found in him extreme tenderness, constant admiration, chivalrous sentiments, and, what always pleased Madame de Staël, language naturally poetic, imagination, even talents—as some of his writings show—graceful pleasantry, a sort of irregular and unexpected wit, which stimulated hers, and gave

her life the zest of variety. To these were added a profound pity on her part for the sufferings he endured, and apprehensions continually reviving that kept alive her emotions and enchaind her thoughts.

'She would have done better, no doubt, had she avowed this marriage; but a degree of timidity, from which the sort of courage she possessed did not emancipate her, and her attachment to the name she had rendered illustrious having restrained her, her ideas were wholly employed in parrying the difficulties of her situation. Must we say that it would have been better for her not to have placed herself in that situation? Must we say that Madame de Staël is not to be set up as an example in every point? To this, she herself would willingly have assented: this she has said to her children, and this she has insinuated in her writings, as much as a proud mind conscious of its own greatness would permit.'

Had our space permitted it, we should like to have given a series of passages selected from Madame de Staël's various works, as illustrative of the vigor and eloquence with which she expresses herself on every subject she handles. A few sentences must, however, suffice, and we quote first her amusing French version of the golden rule of 'doing as you would be done by':—

'The French always talk lightly of their misfortunes for fear of boring their friends. They easily divine the weariness they may excite by what they are capable of feeling, and they gracefully take the *pas* in seeming careless about their own fate, that they may not be shown the example. The desire of appearing agreeable suggests a gay expression of countenance, whatever the inward disposition of the soul may be; the physiognomy by degrees influences the feelings; and the effort made to please others, soon excites in one's self something of the pleasure. A witty lady has said that Paris is, of all the world, the place where one can best dispense with being happy. It is in this view that it suits the poor human race so well.

CONVERSATION EMPHATICALLY AN ART.—'To succeed in conversation, we must possess the tact of perceiving clearly and at every instant the impression made on those with whom we converse; that which they would fain conceal, as well as that which they would willingly exaggerate—the inward satisfaction of some, the forced smile of others. We must be able to note and to arrest half-formed censures as they pass over the countenances of the listeners, by hastening to dissipate them before self-love be engaged against us. There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a

variety of forms as in conversation.'—*L'Allemagne*.

THE FALSE POSITION OF DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.—'The aspect of ill-will makes women tremble, however distinguished they may be. Courageous in misfortune, they are timid against enmity. Thought exalts them, yet their character remains feeble and timid. Most of the women in whom the possession of high faculties has awakened the desire of fame, are like Erminia in her warlike accoutrements. The warriors see the casque, the lance, the shining plume; they expect to meet force, they attack with violence, and with the first stroke reach the heart.'—*Sur la Littérature*.

We despair of ever seeing a perfectly satisfactory analysis of the character of Madame de Staël. To portray to the life her gigantic lineaments; to fathom to their full depth those wonderful faculties, in their infinitely varied combinations, would seem to require the pencil or plummet-line of genius as brilliant and comprehensive as her own. We need scarcely say, we make no pretensions to so difficult a task. We claim indulgence for venturing even to offer a few simple and obvious traits of her; and we do so, in all humility, and with the perfect conviction of their feebleness and inadequacy.

Madame de Staël's life was a phenomenon. Never before were genius and the woman, strength and weakness, energy and sensibility, so closely united as they were in her. With the most masculine of intellects, she never forgot she was a woman—nor, in her most vehement desire for fame and glory, for a moment supposed that happiness could be found out of the sphere of the affections. Her greatness and her unhappiness seemed to spring from the same source—a constant movement of the soul and heart which, while it elevated her far above those around her, yet demanded from them sympathy and love as its necessary food. An over stimulated youth acting on a temperament naturally ardent and impassioned, had probably aggravated these tendencies to a morbid extent; for in the very prime of her life, and strength of her intellect, it would have seemed to her almost as impossible to dispense with the luxury of deep and strong emotions, as with the air which sustained her existence. And if this necessity of her nature often assisted her in acting greatly in great emergencies—in resisting tyranny, or in making sacrifices to noble opinions; it was no less powerful in suggesting that dread of ennui, that terror for the stagnation of existence which haunted her happiest moments, and made her exile seem doubly dreadful. Many of Madame de

Stael's tastes were tinctured by this necessity of excitement. She could better endure great defects of character in people, than merely negative virtues—*brusquerie* than apathy, oddity than mediocrity. Like Goethe, she had rather that people had the vigor to commit some absurdity, than be always finically correct and shallowly wise. Indifference even of manner displeased and wearied her. 'How can he expect me to attend to him,' she would say, 'when he does not take the trouble to attend to himself;' and she said one day of an egotist and cavalier: 'That man talks only of himself;' but he does not tire me, because I am certain that at least he feels interested in his subject.'

Though Madame de Staël's devotion to her father may be said to have been somewhat inordinate, her affection for her children was always restrained within the bounds of reason and discretion. She was a tender and affectionate mother, without being either blind to their faults or injuriously indulgent to them. 'Passionate effusions,' she truly said, 'are not valued by children; kindness and equity suit them better.' With her usual clear-sightedness, she disapproved of that oversolicitous care and devotion of parents to children which is one of the crying evils of the present system of upbringing, and pointed out the danger 'that little creatures, who see everything giving way to their convenience, will be apt to become vain and selfish in consequence.' Without going to the other extreme, and treating them 'to a little wholesome neglect,' she kept her eye on their individual peculiarities of temper and disposition, treated them without artifice or deception, exercised a moderate authority over them, and expressed her will with a mild decision. Literary fame was not the first object of Madame de Staël's life. Her writings had generally a definite purpose of usefulness and instruction for others; but she often both wrote and spoke simply out of that abundance of ideas that were constantly pressing upon her, and which so readily found graceful and eloquent expression. Whatever subject presented itself, she seized it, rapidly examined it from every point of view, and set it forth on the stage with equal liveliness and perspicuity.

Though educated in the strict principles of Calvinism, she was at no period of her life either sectarian or bigot. The simple form of worship in the exercise of which she had joined with her parents, was always sacred to her imagination; and had there been no better reason for her adherence to it than its being associated with them, this would have been sufficient to prevent her from being led away by the more splendid surroundings and lofty pretensions of popery. In theology, as in everything else, she was persuasive rather than dogmatic. Through every year of her life, she became more and more convinced of the sublime truths of Christianity, as well as of its perfect suitability to the nature of man; but she contented herself by testifying in favor of the religion she professed, rather than in reasoning systematically upon it. As Madame de Saussure finely remarks: 'Such a genius as hers, and so directed, is the only missionary who could possibly succeed in doing permanent good to a world like the present—to the vain, the learned, the argumentative, and the scornful, who stone the prophets, while they affect to offer incense to the Muses.'

In correctly estimating Madame de Staël's intellectual attainments, we must look less at the completeness and perfection of any single achievement, than at the extraordinary variety and difficulty of the subjects on which she has discoursed. Many, even among her own sex, may be said to rank higher than she does in some one particular line—in finishing to the last fine touch an individual portrait, scene, or phase of life and manners—in delicately pointing a moral, or in illustrating a useful and important truth. But how few men are there who, like her, have ranged fearlessly over the whole field of human inquiry—literature, politics, morals, religion, and philosophy—have seized on, and patiently traced out, the fine and almost imperceptible filaments which interweave and bind all these firmly together—have discussed with candour the most subtle questions connected with each, and been able with the unerring tact of genius, to throw some rays of new light upon them all!

ORGANS IN ALE-HOUSES.—PROPOSALS FOR FINING THEM.—"One Mr. Stephens, a Poultry author, very lately proposed to the Parliament, to have the beginning or pledging of a health punished with the same penalty which he sets upon swearing, which is the precise sum of twenty shillings; and in case of disability, to have those notorious offenders put in the stocks and whipped. So likewise, for any one that

should presume to keep an organ in a public-house, to be fined £20, and made incapable of being an ale-draper for the future. But Mr. Stephens did not think this punishment was sufficient for 'em; so he humbly requested to have them excommunicated into the bargain, and not to be absolved without doing public penance."—*Thomas Brown's Dialogues*, p. 297.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE ART OF BEING QUIET.

An old writer—I think it is Jeremy Taylor—says: 'No person that is clamorous can be wise.' This is one of those sayings which everybody believes without reasoning about, because it accords with things already tried and proved by the great bulk of mankind. We are all disposed to assume that a man of few words thinks much; that one who is never in a bustle gets through twice as much work as another who is always hurried. And the disposition to believe this is not weakened by finding many exceptions to the rule. A silent fool who passes for a wise man until he begins to speak is not a perfect fool; on account of his quietness, that outward semblance of wisdom, he is less foolish than his talkative brother. And a wise man who has spoken largely—and there have been many such, from Confucius and Socrates down to Bacon and Goethe—is not reckoned any the less wise for having made some noise in the world. The silence of the fool and the eloquence of the wise cannot be adduced in argument against the utility of being quiet, nor can

The loud laugh which marks the vacant mind.

The art of being quiet can still lay just claim to the attentive consideration of sensible folks and people of an artistic or speculative turn of mind, and should have its claim allowed on fitting occasions. With your leave, good reader, I will take the present occasion to be one of those, and will offer you a few words on the subject.

It has struck me that the art of being quiet, besides being one of the most useful arts, must be reckoned among the fine arts, since it ministers largely to our love of the beautiful. The very words *quiet*, *repose*, *calmness*, *tranquillity*, *peace*, are in themselves beautiful, and suggest either the essence or a very important component of all true beauty. Therefore, it will be well to consider the art of being quiet from an æsthetic as well as from a utilitarian point of view.

To begin with the utility of being quiet. All the world seems agreed that it is essential to their *bien être physique*; for all the world is ready to do, say, or give 'anything for a quiet life.' One of the first lessons taught to our children is the necessity of acquiring this art. 'Be quiet, child!' is an exhortation of as frequent recurrence in the British nursery and school-room as the famous 'Know thyself!' was in the ancient groves of Academe. But physiologists can testify that the lesson is by no means a pro-

fitable one to the child, and that it is inculcated mainly for the benefit of the grown-up world around, who dislike the noise which is a necessity of development to the young. So necessary is noise to the healthy development of children, that whenever we meet with a child who is remarkable for its quietness, we are apt to infer that it is in a morbid or diseased state; and the physician will generally pronounce the inference correct. In fact, the quiet life so much desired by adults is not natural or desirable during the years when existence goes on unconsciously. It is only when we begin to *think* about life, and how we should live, that the art of being quiet assumes its real value; to the irrational creature it is nothing; to the rational it is much. In the first place it removes what Mr. De Quincey, with his usual grand felicity of expression, calls 'the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details.' It is this infinite littleness of details which takes the glory and the dignity from our common life, and which we who value that life for its own sake and for the sake of its great Giver must strive to make finite. Since unconscious life is not possible to the intellectual adult, as it is to the child—since he cannot go on living without a thought about the nature of his own being, its end and aim—it is good for him to cultivate a habit of repose, that he may think and feel like a man, putting away those childish things—the carelessness, the thoughtless joy, 'the tear forgot as soon as shed,' which, however beautiful, because appropriate, in childhood, are not beautiful, because not appropriate, in mature age. The art of being quiet is necessary to enable a man to possess his own soul in peace and integrity—to examine himself, to understand what gifts God has endowed him with, and to consider how he may best employ them in the business of the world. This is its universal utility. It is unwholesome activity which requires not repose and thoughtful quiet as its forerunner, and every man should secure some portion of each day for voluntary retirement and repose within himself.

But besides this conscious, and, as it were, active use of quiet, which is universal in its beneficial effects, there is a passive—though, to the adult, not unconscious—use of quiet, which belongs only to particular cases, and which is even of higher beneficial effect. I say, to the adult it is not unconscious, because this same passive use of quiet operates upon children of finer and nobler organization than the average, and in their case it operates unconsciously. In both cases—in that of the unconscious child and that of the conscious man—the still, calm soul, is laid

bare before the face of nature, and is affected by 'the spirit breathing from that face.' It does not study, nor scrutinize, nor seek to penetrate the mystery; it does not even feel that there is any burden in that mystery; it is simply quiet beneath the overruling influences, and purely recipient. De Quincey has this sort of mental quiet in his mind—the passive as opposed to the active quiet—when he cites Wordsworth's well-known verses in the following passage:—'It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature, that not always are we called upon to seek; sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of *itself* will come,  
But we must still be seeking.'

And again—

Nor less I deem that there are powers  
Which of *themselves* our minds impress;  
And we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

The wisdom of such passiveness can never be doubted by those who have felt the impress of the invisible powers upon their own minds when in that state, or have had opportunities of observing similar effects on the minds of children. It is when a mind is thus wisely passive that it is open to revelations and to inspirations. This is the mental state of the poet and of the prophet in the exercise of their proper functions. This sort of quiet can be described much better than it can be taught; for although it certainly comes within the limits of the art of being quiet, it has 'a grace beyond the reach of art.' To give rules for its attainment, would savour of presumption in one who cannot pretend to be an adept; but, without presumption, I may indicate in what manner these rules may be discovered by those who wish to know them. In two ways may the art of being quiet—in this high passive sense—be attained: first, by natural instinct or genius; second, by habituating the mind to the practice of that lower, and, as it were, active art of being quiet, which it is incumbent on us all to acquire as a condition of moral health in this busy world, wherein the verb *to do* ranks so much higher than the verb *to be*. The way of instinct or genius cannot be taught. The other way can. We can all learn how to be quiet in that sense.

To begin with externals. We must, in this respect, keep the body in subjection, avoiding all unnecessary motion. It is one step gained when we can *sit still* and think

within ourselves, or listen to another. Another step is gained when we have learned to bridle the tongue—when we are silent, not only that we may hear the voice of another, but that we may hear the voices of our own heart and conscience. Then, indeed, silence is better than speech. We must be careful never to give utterance to half-thoughts or hasty opinions, but to wait in patient silence till we have matured them in our brains. A calm, earnest manner, when we are most actively employed: *Ohne hast aber ohne Rast*, as the German proverb says, is also another external characteristic of mental quietude. But the mental quietude itself, the art of being quiet, is a something which works beneath the surface. This art gives to ordinary men a power and influence which men, in other respects far above the ordinary, cannot attain without it. The amount of self-governance which it establishes is admirable. Thought, word, and deed are under control of the reasoning will; irregular and irrational impulses never carry away the man in spite of his reason; he is always master of himself—that is, being self-possessed. Thence proceed 'self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.' The kingdom of the mind is kept in order and peace, so that external disturbances—what is called the tyranny of circumstances—may move, but cannot upset it; it is quiet within, and commands respect from others. This is attainable by minds of mediocre endowments: a man need not have a great genius to be serene and mentally quiet—quiet enough to examine his own powers, and keep them always ready for active service. This is doing one of the highest earthly duties; and in the performance of it a certain sort of greatness is attained—that useful sort of greatness implied by the wise man when he says: 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

Before I say a few words about the beauty of being quiet, or, as it was called above, the æsthetical view of the subject, I cannot refrain from setting before my readers a passage from a new book by an old favorite of the book-loving public; for Leigh Hunt is an old and ever-new favorite with all persons of refined and cultivated literary taste; the sorrows of life have chastened, matured, strengthened and beautified his character, so that his genius sends forth as bright a light in old age as ever it sent in youth. Hear what he now says: 'It is good to prepare the thoughts in gentleness and silence for the consideration of duty. Silence as well as gentleness would seem beloved of God. For to the human sense, and like the mighty manifestation of a sore lesson, the skies

and the great spaces between the stars are silent. Silent, too, for the most part, is earth; save where gentle sounds vary the quiet of the country, and the fluctuating solitudes of the waters. Folly and passion are rebuked before it: peace loves it, and hearts are drawn together by it, conscious of one service and of one duty of sympathy. Violence is partial and transitory; gentleness alone is universal and ever sure. It was said of old, under a partial law, and with a limited intention, but with a spirit beyond the intention, which emanated from the God-given wisdom in the heart, that there came a wind that rent the mountains, and brake the rocks in pieces, before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still, small voice. Such is the God-given voice of conscience in the heart; most potent when most gentle, breaking before it the difficulties of worldly trouble, and inspiring us with a calm determination.\*

If such be the moral effects of silence and quiet, we may be sure that the æsthetic effects will correspond, for goodness and beauty are radically the same. In all the great works of art which remain to us from ancient times, and which are ensamples to modern artists, a perfect calmness and repose is noticeable. In all beautiful objects of our own time, whether among living creatures or in the productions of man's hand, there is a sentiment of quietness and serenity. Nothing disturbed, confused, or hurried, affects us with a sense of beauty; whereas anything that produces a sense of stillness and repose, even though it may lack every other element of beauty, is often said to be beautiful, and does the work of a beautiful thing, which is to excite love or admiration in our minds. It is so especially with persons and with places. A person whose face and manner are full of that composure and gentle quietude

\* *The Religion of the Heart.* By Leigh Hunt. John Chapman: Strand.

DIFFERENCES IN RELIGIOUS OPINION NO GROUND FOR IRRELIGION.—“There are men in the world (who think themselves no babes neither) so deeply possessed with a spirit of Atheism, that though they will be of any religion (in show) to serve their turns and comply with the times, yet they are resolved to be (indeed) of none, till all men agree to be of one; which yet never was, nor is ever like to be. A resolution no less desperate for the soul, if not rather much more, than it would be for the body, if a man should vow he would never eat till all the clocks in the city should strike twelve together. If we look into the large volumes that have been written by Philoso-

phers, Lawyers, and Physicians, we shall find the greatest part of them spent in disputations, and in the reciting and confuting of one another's opinions. And we allow them so to do, without prejudice to their respective professions; albeit they be conversant about things measurable by sense or reason. Only in Divinity great offence is taken at the multitude of controversies; wherein yet difference of opinions is by so much more tolerable than in other sciences, by how much the things about which we are conversant are of a more sublime, mysterious, and incomprehensible nature than are those of other sciences.”—*Sanderson's Sermons*, vol. 1, p. 182.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CAFES AND RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

DR. VÉRON AND BILBOQUET.\*

SINCE the publication of the first volume of the "Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris," by Dr. Véron, a bourgeois of the opposition has published the memoirs of one Bilboquet, wherein the means by which wealth and station among the redoubtable Bourgeois of Paris are to be obtained are amusingly unfolded, and the steps to fame and repute actually cut from the feet of some imaginary pretender.

Who am I? You know. O Athenians of the Rue Saint Martin and the Boulevard de Gand! Twenty times, seeing me pass by, my paunch in front and my neck buried in its kerchief, you have turned round to contemplate me.

It is Bilboquet, you said to yourselves, the great Bilboquet, our Bilboquet, who has carried off all the rings in the great tilting-match of life. He has fathomed all depths, solved all problems, answered all questions, broke all the great drums. The "Behind scenes" of all things are familiar to him; the behind scenes of science and literature, of the stock-exchange, of the Breda, and politics, of the Funambules, and pharmacy.

Daring, seeking, inventing, conquering, he has with unnerved hand torn away the veil that hid the statue of Isis. Witty as Voltaire, learned as D'Alembert, handsome as Helvetius, encyclopedic as Diderot, eloquent as Lamartine, lyrical as Hugo, skilful as Bosco, he has had a finger in every pie, and has conjured away all the best tricks.

What has he not done, this man who has ridden through all the storms of existence upright on the top of a wave like the giant Adamastor? Since for now some forty long years we have seen him driving the car of fortune over the Olympic arena, he has certainly run against more than one obstacle, and has experienced some tremendous falls, but with what wonderful agility has he not risen to his feet again!

Fallen as a clown, he rose up again as a doctor; disgusted with Hippocrates, he threw himself into the arms of Terpsichore, to be again thrown between the legs of corpulent Plutus; and, long live life! one defeat has ever led him on to two victories. If he fails with *water to make razors cut*, he finds in a *Pectoral Paste* hundreds of bank-notes, and the esteem of apothecaries. (S'il échoue avec l'eau pour faire couper les rasoirs, il trouve dans une pâte pectorale des billets de mille et l'estime des apothécaires.)

Formerly director of an open-air exhibition, chief performer on the great drum, with an accompaniment of cymbals, founder of the "Cas-

quette de Paris, editor of the conservative paper the *Monumental*, and officer of the order of the Golden Spur, he has directed all things, founded all things, administered all things, edited and manipulated all things.

As the *habitué*, according to his own account of all the leading cafés and restaurants of Paris, as collecting there the news of the day, seeking for new and original acquaintances, studying literature, art, and politics in their more accessible moods, and finally as himself proprietor, among his innumerable schemes and projects, of the Café Véron, and interested in consequence in the prosperity and success of one of the greatest *spécialités*, one of, unquestionably, the most distinct features of the French capital, Dr. Véron gives in his second volume a very interesting account of the origin of the chief of these establishments, of the circumstances which brought them into repute or notoriety, of the leading characters who frequented them, and of the partisanship—for in Paris everything is political, or literary, or artistic partisanship—by which they were distinguished.

The cafés and restaurants are, indeed, as the Bourgeois Proteus avers of them, essentially a *spécialité Parisienne*. None of the other capitals of Europe are provided with such sumptuous establishments, or in which so many luxuries are to be obtained. Authors, princes, artists, magistrates, ministers, statesmen, soldiers, strangers from all parts of the globe, crowd to these symposiums. There is not even a bourgeois of Paris who does not on certain festive occasions dine at the Café de Paris, the Frères Provençaux, the Café Anglais; at Riche's, Véry's, or Véfour's.

In 1786 three young men from Provence, Messrs. Barthelemy, Manneilles, and Simon, started a modest eating-house in the Palais Royal. They were so intimately united in the bonds of friendship and of a common interest, that they were called the three brothers. The salt-cellars were of wood, and the tables were covered with wax-cloth, but the dishes had the true Provençal flavor, and the wine was unexceptionable. Such was the origin of the Trois Frères Provençaux. General Bonaparte and Barras used to dine at the Provençaux before going to the theatre of Mademoiselle Montansier, close by. The house attained a zenith of fame in the time of the Peninsular war, when the receipts amounted to from twelve to fifteen thousand francs a day. After conducting the establishment for fifty years, the brothers sold their interest to the Bellengers, who again ceded the same to M. Collot, who has for now fifteen years upheld the reputation of the house.

\* I. Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par Le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Deuxième. II. Mémoires de Bilboquet recueillis par un Bourgeois de Paris.

Véry began in the garden of the Tuileries, where he superintended the great dinners given by the military school in the first year of the Empire. Marshal Duroc got a license for the rising artist to open what was called the *Tente des Tuileries*. The kitchen was exquisite, the wines excellent, and the fine eyes, the grace, and the engaging manners of the *dame du comptoir*—Madame Véry—were much extolled.

In 1808 Véry founded the establishment in the Palais Royal, which still exists. This successful artist came to Paris in wooden shoes; he withdrew from business in 1817, possessor of a large fortune. M. Neuhaus is the actual head of the establishment, which is considered to be one of the first restaurants of Paris.

To a stranger in the French capital, one of the first things that strikes him amid the number of cafés, and restaurants, many of them of European renown, others too repulsive to enter, are the numerous elegant, well-lit cafés, often occupying the whole length of a first or second story—and we do not allude here solely to the cafés so circumstanced in the Palais Royal, where open windows, brilliant lights, music, gambling, and a variety of devices, are brought into play to entice the stranger—we allude to most luxurious, gentlemanly, quiet-looking cafés, which the stranger naturally asks himself by whom are they frequented, and why go out of your way when here, in the midst of the Place de la Bourse? you have a cool and clear marble slab, cup of coffee, and a *petit verre* at your service in the cool fresh air, or at the corner of the street you have an apartment all windows and lights, with *journals* and *feuilletons* scattered about like their leafy namesakes? There is a history in this which is not always to be arrived at without some previous initiation in Parisian chitchat.

The Café de Foy, for example, was founded by a retired officer on the first floor of the Rue Richelieu. The beauty of the *dame du comptoir* became a subject of conversation. The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, took so much interest in this lady, that he granted her permission to dispense ices in the garden of the Palais Royal, and the Café de Foy soon followed the fair dispenser of ices, and was the first of its kind that was opened in the Palais Royal. It was particularly frequented by artists. A bird with expanded wings is still to be seen on the ceiling of the ground-floor, painted by Carle Veruet.

Far more frequently, however, political, literary, or artistic associations, give success and repute to a café. A certain Perrou had occupied for some dozen years a café of

third or fourth-rate character, when one of the *garçons* of La Rotonde, Lemblin by name—every one knows the rotunda at the bottom of the garden—took the place, and transformed it into a brilliant saloon. The chocolate was concocted by the famous Judicelli, the coffee was prepared by Viente, a Piedmontese, who had studied under the *chef* of the Vatican, and in the morning academicians, magistrates, and other distinguished personages, savoured the exquisite fluids, while in the evening the uniform of field-officers gave additional brilliancy to the flood of light that emanated from the crystal chandeliers.

Among the *garçons* of the Café Lemblin was one named Dupont, first cousin of M. Dupont (de l'Eure), at that time Deputy and since President of two Provisional Governments. One evening, in 1817, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), coming out of the Frères Provençaux, where he had dined in company with several deputies, entered with them the Café Lemblin. The coffee demanded by M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was presented to him by Dupont *garçon limonadier*. The latter recognised his illustrious cousin, blushed, trembled, and very nearly let the salver fall from his hands. The deputy, on his side, recognised his relative. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) got up, and holding out his hands to the astonished young man: "Eh? how are you, cousin?" he exclaimed; "I am delighted to see you, and to be able to tell you that all are well at Neubourg."

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was always ready to assist his poor relatives. In 1848 he got this very *garçon* of the Café Lemblin appointed porter to the Hotel de Ville, and he still occupied that place in 1850, although nearly blind.

It was at the Café Lemblin that the first Russian and Prussian officers who entered Paris in 1815, showing themselves. It was evening, and the café was filled with officers who had returned from Waterloo, with their arms in scarfs, and their helmets and *shakos* riddled with bullets. The four strange officers were allowed to take their place at a table; but immediately every one rose up, as if seized by the same sudden electric impulse, and a formidable shout of "Vive l'Empereur" made the very window-frames shake. Twenty officers rushed towards the four strangers; a captain of the National Guard, a perfect Hercules, threw himself before them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have defended Paris without, it belongs to us to make it respected within." And then turning towards the foreign officers, he continued: "Gentlemen, it is the bourgeois of Paris whom your premature appearance here offends, and it is a bourgeois of Paris who calls you to account." Lemblin, who held the rank of sergeant in the National Guard, then interposed, and, under the pretext of demanding explanations more tranquilly, he ushered the Russians and Prussians into his *laboratory*, and so got them away.

Although the Café Lemblin was the rendezvous of the officers of the Empire, members of the king's body-guard were often seen there, and musketeers came, with their moustaches turned up and their lips contemptuously curled, to seek for adventures.

One evening the *gardes du corps* arrived in a mass, and announced that they should come the next morning to inaugurate the bust of Louis XVIII. over the *comptoir*. The next morning nearly three hundred officers of the Empire were there to defend the threatened position; but the authorities had been duly put on their guard, and the assailants did not make their appearance.

At the time of the Restoration, the Café Valois flourished in the Palais Royal as a political café, antagonistic to the Café Lemblin. It was the club of the old royalist emigrants, who were called the light infantry (*colli-geurs*) of Louis XIV. This café no longer exists.

The Café de la Rotonde and the Café du Caveau were opened in 1805 or 1806 by M. Angilbert, who in 1822 founded the Café de Paris. The Café de la Rotonde realised 467,000 francs by the entrance of the allies: the Café de Paris was founded upon this sudden overflow of profits—it should have been called the Café des Alliés.

Of all the cafés situated in the first floor of the Palais Royal, the Café de Milles Colonnes was, alike under the Empire and the Restoration, the most frequented. It was entirely indebted for its success to the beauty of the mistress of the house, Madame Romain, whose husband, by way of compensation, was little, thin, and maimed.

The late lamented James Simpson, in his account of Paris after Waterloo, gives the following interesting description of the Café de Milles Colonnes at that eventful period:

We had heard much of the taste and grandeur of the Café de Milles Colonnes, and its beautiful matron—who, it is said, was a favorite of Buonaparte's—a specimen of a very artful part of his *matériel*, which he occasionally played off upon ambassadors, whose state secrets it was desired to worm out; and even upon their masters. We entered the coffee-house, which is on the first floor up-stairs. Very few ball-rooms present the showy *coup d'œil* of this singular place. It is very splendidly mirrored all round, the plates being divided by fluted Corinthian pillars, which, as well as the company, seem innumerable multiplied. Waiters, in great numbers and activity, are serving coffee, ices, fruit, &c., to the different tables, which are all of marble, having a very cool and clean appearance, and encircled, one by English officers, another by plumed Highland bonnets, a third by Prussian hussars, a fourth by Brunswickers in their mourning; many, by parties of French ladies with their beaux; and enthroned in the middle of the

hall, close to the wall, with a marble table before and a mirror behind her, dressed in crimson velvet, and covered with jewels, sits *la belle Limonadière*, serenely looking down on the hundreds who are looking up to her, and only recalling to mind the fact that she is not an empress, by occasionally giving change when wanted by the waiters, and, as is the case in all French coffee-houses, having spread out before her some dozens of small allotments of broke sugar, of five or six pieces each, on a little silver saucer like a wine-funnel stand; a remnant of the respect for sugar with which Napoleon impressed his subjects when he closed Europe against English commerce, and which has banished that profuse thing called a sugar-basin from the economy and vocabulary of Paris. *La belle Limonadière* is rather large, and *un peu passé*; but she is, no doubt, a most brilliant personage. A complexion like Parian marble, and black eyes and hair in striking contrast with it. The usual aids of colour to the cheeks were not forgotten, but quite what the French call *au naturel*—a word merely meaning something less artificial than the last stage of artifice. I soon found it necessary so far to qualify language in choosing my dinner, when attracted by *bauf au naturel*, &c., dishes which I only found somewhat less artificial than the others in the *carte des entrées*. *La belle* (once more, and then I have done with her) has an air and expression of great good-nature; and, what most amused me, a most solemn attitude of correctest propriety. Nobody presumes to address her without previous formal presentation, and it is found impossible to give coffee orders to her majesty except through the medium of a gentleman-in-waiting! To my great amusement I saw sitting at the right hand of "the throne," eating ice, and now and then conversing with the lady, Mr. Walter Scott, and with him several of his travelling companions, friends of my own. On joining myself to their party I was delighted to hear Mr. Scott's remarks on the truly French scene in which we sat, and his commentaries on the singular personage who so solemnly, brilliantly, and correctly presided—sparkling with diamonds, multiplied, front, back, and profile, in mirrors, and intrenched in arromdisements of sugar, peaches, and nose-gays. We learned that the King of Prussia had been there the night before, and had said some handsome things; a circumstance which made it hopeless for us to be listened to beyond common civility, till the royal impression should wear off.

Many a sonnet was indited in honour of *la belle Limonadière*,

et son nom par la ville

Court ajusté sur l'air d'un vaudeville.

But suddenly the glory of the café faded away, as do all other glories! In 1824, Romain, the maimed, died from injuries received from a fall from his horse, and two years afterwards his beautiful wife, the admiration of all Paris, retired to a convent.

The most frequented of all the cafés on the first floor of the Palais Royal, after that of the thousand pillars, was the Café Montansier. This was a *café chantant*, and on the 20th of March, 1815, it was taken possession of by a body of Imperialists, who amused themselves by insulting the Bourbons from six o'clock to midnight every evening. A fierce-looking captain would begin at the top of his voice:

Croyez-vous qu'un Bourbon puisse être.  
Roi d'une grande nation!

To which a chorus of voices would answer:

Non, non, non, non, non, non, non.

THE CAPTAIN.

Mais il pourrait fort bien peut-être  
Gouverner un petit canton!

CHORUS.

Non, non, non, non, non, non, non.

THE CAPTAIN.

Alors que le diable l'entraîne  
Au sombre palais de Pluton!

CHORUS.

Bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon.

THE CAPTAIN.

Et chantons tous à perdre haleine;  
Vive le grand Napoleon!

CHORUS.

Bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon, bon.

At the Restoration, the *gardes du corps* and musketeers invaded the café, broke the glasses, and threw the furniture out of the windows. The Café Montansier became, in 1831, the theatre of the Palais Royal.

The Café de Chartres, now Café Véfour, enjoys a first-rate reputation, and is, for certain reasons, the resort chiefly of *riches financiers* and distinguished strangers. The Café de la Regence was the rendezvous of chess-players, and had once a great name.

Among the most renowned cafés of the Boulevards, were the Café Hardi—now the Maison Dorée—the Café Riche, and the Café Anglais. M. Hardi must, we suspect, have been Hardy gallicised. He had a capacious fireplace, with a handsome chimney-piece of white marble and a silver gridiron, to please the eyes of his customers, the chops or steaks being cooked in English fashion in the presence of the consumer.

One of the most original of the *habitués* of the Café Hardi is described, as usual, as being an Englishman of the name of Schmitt (Smith?), who rose daily at five, took his

customary place at Hardi's at six, and finished his repast by ten. He then began a course of Bordeaux, which, with the help of a salt herring at midnight, always reached a dozen bottles by break of day!

The Café Tortoni originated with a Neapolitan confectioner of ices, by name Velloni. The celebrity of one Spolar as a billiard-player brought it subsequently into notoriety:

In the time of the Empire, and under the Restoration, Prevost, one of the *garçons* of the Café Tortoni, obtained quite an historical renown. He wore powder, and was a perfect model of unceasing and respectful obsequiousness. He always addressed a customer with, "I beg your pardon! Has monsieur had the kindness to wish for anything?" When any strangers began to laugh, Prevost, out of respect, used to stuff his napkin into his mouth, so that he might not be guilty of a similar *inconvenance*. Prevost used to indemnify himself for his extreme humility. Morning and evening he was always 'taxing the frequenters of Tortoni's. When he had any change to give, he used to give pieces of fifteen sous for twenty; and as he made up his account he went on, "I beg your pardon! I really beg pardon! a thousand times!" It was impossible to complain of being cheated so civilly, but Prevost's career terminated badly.

Frenchmen have a most extraordinary idea of the riches of extravagant foreigners. Millionaire milords are not so abundant as formerly, but they are still believed in, even by those who should be better informed. But a Russian prince, with an imaginary hundred miles of exhaustless mines, particularly pleases the fancy of a Parisian baud:

In 1816 and 1817 the citizens of Paris used to fall into ecstasies before certain vast and sumptuous appartements situated on the ground-floor of the Boulevard des Italiens, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout. These appartements were occupied by M. Demidoff, a Russian millionaire, who was indebted for his immense riches to mines of coal, copper, iron, and malachite.

He had two sons, Messrs. Paul and Anatole Demidoff. M. Anatole Demidoff is the only one now alive. M. Demidoff lived alternately at Paris and Florence; he kept a whole troop of actors in his pay; they were called the *Troupe Demidoff*; he used to have comedies, vaudevilles, and comic operas performed in his palace at Florence. A whole hotel was retained for the accommodation of the artists. There was nothing going on at M. Demidoff's, especially in Florence, but theatrical representations, sumptuous balls, and brilliant concerts.

Worn out, aged before his time, and a martyr to gout, M. Demidoff was introduced to his own festivities in a rolling chair, from which

he never moved; if he withdrew at an early hour, the amusements continued all the same; sometimes he fainted away, but the orchestra and the dancers lost none of their vivacity. M. Demidoff was carried away senseless, that was all.

Cut off from all enjoyments, he sought excitement in listening to the pleasures of others. He had one intimate friend, a clever Russian, who slept in an appartement near to his own. When this miserable rich man, worn out by gouty pains, like Laocoon by the serpents, could not sleep, which was frequently the case, he would send for his friend at any hour of the night. "Look," he would say, "here are two or three rolls of a thousand francs for your gambling expenses; now, in return, amuse me by telling me what you did yesterday, and what you intend to do to-morrow."

M. Demidoff was a martyr to opulence; he would willingly have given for a good round sum his valuable paintings by masters, his rare and marvellous curiosities, his admirable works of art, even the treasures accumulated at Florence, where in the midst of his saloons, with no protection but the windows, he had collected bracelets, collars of brilliants, rings, turquoises, sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, rubies—in one word, riches that would have saved an empire.

The house of this opulent Russian is now the Café de Paris, "known," says M. Véron, "to all Europe. The English officer who is fighting against the Birmans, the Russian officer who is combating in Khiva, beyond the sea of Aral, on the banks of the Oxus, dream at their bivouacks of the pleasures of a good dinner at the Café de Paris."

The Café Desmarest, at the corner of the Rue de l'Université and the Rue de Bal, enjoyed at one time considerable political celebrity. M. Desmarest was brother to a fair actress of the Théâtre Vaudeville. "I can't bear a dealer in hot water," the actress used to say of her brother; "I can't endure a woman who treads the boards," retorted the restaurateur. A nobleman and a philosopher, not abundantly gifted with the good things of the world, used to say he had made Desmarest's reputation. "This poor Desmarest has had very little education; I doubt even if he can read or write. One morning I came into his café; it was crowded; all the tables were occupied; so the moment I perceived Desmarest I called out, 'Good morning, old college chum!'"

This nobleman used to write verses, but never of greater length than eight syllables. "I write," he used to say, "upon my knees, and in my poverty my flesh has so wasted away, that the table is not wide enough for more than four feet."

There were, in 1825, upwards of nine hundred restaurateurs; those above-mentioned are the most celebrated, and their re-

putation has survived all revolutions. The Lointiers, Beauvilliers, Grignon, the Rocher de Cancale, all enjoyed great celebrity under the Empire and the Restoration, but they are no longer in existence.

"The daily habit of dining at the restaurateurs," says M. Véron, "was to me an exhaustless source of surprises, discoveries, and revelations of humanity."

I wandered (says Bilboquet) in solitude under the arcades of the Palais Royal, little burdened with money, but heavily laden with thoughts and reflections.

I have always been by nature an observer: there is in me a little of La Bruyère mixed up with a good deal of La Rochefoucauld, and I do not know how much of Vauban, epicurean and slow, as my friend M. Sainte-Beuve would say.

The place lent itself pretty well to observation. The Restoration, so severe at the opera, had not thought of shortening the petticoats of the Palais Royal.

The great wooden gallery walked about with naked shoulders, displaying its legs to the passer-by, and twisting its hips in the strangest fashion.

The other galleries smoked, sang, drank from morning to evening. The traditions of the Empire were not entirely extinct by the time that the Restoration had already run half its course.

There were still some *ribotteurs*, of whom our *viveurs* have only been pale copies.

Suppers were rare, but breakfasts abounded. Suppers do not date further back than the revolution of July, which restored so many customs of the old régime, jars and vases of old china, lacquer-work from Japan, madrigals called sonnets, masked balls and suppers.

In 1825, a breakfast was laid that the Duke of Angoulême would not enter into Spain, and bets were made to devour twelve little pies and swallow twelve tumblers of Bordeaux whilst twelve was striking by the timepiece of the Café de Foy.

The *marliffiores* breakfasted with their mistresses in private cabinets. Breakfasts were the great seductive means of the epoch.

How often has it happened to me to perambulate at four o'clock in the evening in the gallery in which are the establishments of Vefour, Véry, and the Frères Provençaux, to observe the breakfasters as they came forth, and to guess by their physiognomical aspects what wine they had been imbibing. The man who has drunk Bordeaux has no point of resemblance with he who has indulged in Burgundy or quaffed tumblers of Champagne.

All three walk, look, and express themselves in a different manner.

The one whistles as he walks, the other hums, the third sings.

Bordeaux relaxes the mind, Burgundy enlivens, Champagne fills one with transports.

No one before me has made these observations. I sketch them off for the first time in these *Mémoires*, leaving to myself to treat of them

more fully in a work of *haute physiologie culinaire*, which will be the labor of my old age.

One of my favorite relaxations was to dive into the subterranean *Café des Aveugles*. I used to ask for a glass of punch; grog only came with the democracy. My elbows on the table, I passed many hours listening to the great drum, the clarionet, and the cymbals of the establishment, whose harmonious sounds reminded me of my youth and my first loves.

Sometimes I might be seen in the smoky saloons of No. 113, throwing to the croupier's rake a hopeful two-franc piece. The night previous Atala had appeared to me in a gauze robe, a crown of laurel on her forehead, a pair of red buskins on her feet, the complete custom of a muse.

That was a dream, I said to myself as I continued my walk, which may bring me good luck; the ancients took care not to despise dreams; let us imitate the ancients, and since Atala's buskins were red, let us go and risk one forty-sous piece on that color.

It would be difficult to say if the experiences actually collected by the great representative of the bourgeois class of Paris in the cafés and restaurants in that city of strange *silhouettes*, really do present anything much more than the sarcastic writer of the *Mémoires de Bilboquet* has imagined for him.

By the side of fools (says the bourgeois physiologist) there are in this world quarter fools, third part fools, and half fools, who live with one another, seeking one another's society, and carefully eschewing that of less or greater fools, considering themselves particularly happy in the possession of a moiety of human reason, by the side of others who have only a third or a fourth part. They are like those poor afflicted patients who complacently comfort one another at Eaux Bonnes; those who have only one lung and a half looking with pity not unmingled with contempt upon those who have only one, and sometimes even the half of one.

I have dined assiduously every day (we are at a loss to discover whether the epithet assiduously applies to the eating or the attendance) for more than two years at Véry's. I used to arrive at the same hour and to take my place at the same table. I had for neighbor for some months an Englishman, who was as punctual and as regular as I was. One day my neighbor bade me good-by. "I am going," he said, "to embark to make a little tour round the world." At the expiration of eighteen months, on his return to Paris, he found me, as if by appointment, at the same hour at the same table. He had been round the world, whilst I had scarcely moved from the same place.

Nevertheless, by dining for long periods at a time at different restaurants, I have been able to make the grand tour of human intelligence, and especially of those four thousand opulent and idle men of whom Byron speaks, who pass the whole of their lives in running after pleasures of five minutes' duration, and for whom the world is wide.

The Parisian sometimes boasts of his native eccentricities, but it will infallibly be found that when he wants to depict an excessive case he selects an Englishman for his type. The above is by no means the only instance of Dr. Véron's national failing that way.

I was introduced (he relates) at the Count Torreno's, former minister of Queen Christina's, and who died of carbuncle at Paris, to an Englishman and his wife, who were immensely wealthy, and only resided a few days in Paris, travelling the remainder of the time in France; they loved nothing but the bottle, and never left the table till they had lost their senses. In their travels, their only object was to seek for rich slopes and hill-sides, and their sojourn was regulated by the quality and the renown of the growth of the vine.

The bourgeois physiologist distinguishes between what he calls *ivrognes* (sots?) and *souillards* (drunkards?). This amiable couple, who disdained even Paris for the slopes of the Dordogne, were *souillards*, not *ivrognes*. But he says he has known many *souillards*, chiefly *jeunes grand seigneurs* ("his friends," says the memorialist of Bilboquet, "are always the most distinguished men and women of his time"), who got brutalised upon brandy or absinthe. Those who get drunk upon absinthe attain a pitch of folly so singularly developed, that it is known as the folly of the *Absinthiers*. One of these unfortunates used to say: "I never taste what I eat, I only taste what I drink." "During my directorship of the opera," says Dr. Véron, "I was intimate with one of these drunken young lords. He used to give the same orders to seven or eight hackney carriages, so that he should be accompanied by seven or eight vehicles to a pot-house outside the barrière, where he would pass the night in drinking brandy and brutalizing himself amidst drunken companions?"

The doctor goes on to remark, that drunkenness is not merely a vice, it is also a disease, and a change of habits cannot be suddenly brought about without danger. A certain prelate had arrived by slow and imperceptible degrees at the point of drunkenness every night, and that by himself and at his studies. In order to effect a cure which should be as agreeable as the slow stumbling into the vicious habit had been, he adopted a very ingenious plan. He changed his glass for a silver-gilt cup, and every night he dropped into it one drop of wax, thus gradually diminishing the capacity of the cup and the quantity of wine consumed. The difficulty still presented itself of not making up for the deficiency of size in the cup by filling it up more frequently, but such critical inquir-

ries would manifestly spoil the effect of the drop of wax story.

I exchanged (M. Véron relates) little acts of politeness with an Englishman who appeared to me worthy of study. He sent me his card: his name was surrounded by bottles, opera-dancers with outstretched calves, flowers and birds, all delicately engraved. He lived at the Hotel Meurice, and he often gave dinners to Englishmen, his friends, which began at eight o'clock at night, and finished at eight in the morning.

His father, the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in England, had also one of the finest collections of birds in the country. The son had, like his father, only two passions—wine and ornithology. He asked me one day to breakfast: nothing was put on the table but hard-boiled eggs of the rarest birds, from the egg of a partridge to that of a swan. I breakfasted as one ought to breakfast, for I did not breakfast at all.

This story had probably no better foundation than that, the Englishman wishing to present his visitor with a rarity, had some plovers' eggs served up (the artist being responsible for their being hard boiled), and which the inventor of the *pâte pectorale*, not being familiar with, he at once pronounced to be the eggs of all the rarest birds that are known.

I was acquainted (he adds further on) for a long time, having met with him at a restaurateur's, with a half idiot, whose repartees were often very original and witty. One day he came into the Café Anglais. "I am very

tired," he said to me; "I have been walking ever since eight o'clock this morning." And taking a bottle of Bordeaux from his pocket, he added: "Here is some excellent wine which you must taste; all the world knows that wine improves by travel, and I have been carrying it about ever since eight o'clock this morning."

It was the same semi-idiot who interrupted the performance, in the midst of a first representation at the Théâtre Français, by rising up in his box and saying to the public: "You must agree with me, gentlemen, that it is very unfortunate that the author of this new piece has not an income of fifty thousand francs; he might then, perhaps, be induced not to write such pitiable productions."

Here is another highly-colored portrait of an imaginary Englishman:

His fortune was immense; he had no family connexions; he was a bachelor. Life weighed heavily upon him; he had no vices, no tastes to pander to. This man sought my confidence, and I trembled for the moment lest it was to disclose a projected suicide; but it was not so. "I have found," he said, "a means of supporting existence; I have conceived a plan, to accomplish which will carry me to the confines of old age. I have had three travelling-carriages built, the arrangement of which I myself planned. I have set myself the task of collecting, in labelled bottles, the waters of all the streams and rivers in the world; but I shall have, unfortunately, the pain of dying before my collection is complete." Was not this a very intelligent and felicitous mode of disposing of a large fortune?

BUNYAN ON EXTEMPORE PRAYER.—"It is at this day wonderful common for men to pray *extempore* also: To pray by a book, by a premeditated set form, is now out of fashion. He is counted nobody now that cannot at any time, at a minute's warning, make a prayer of half an hour long. I am not against *extempore* prayer, for I believe it to be the best kind of praying: but yet I am jealous that there are a great many such prayers made, especially in pulpits and public meetings, without the breathing of the Holy Ghost in them: For if a *Pharisee* of old could do so, why may not a *Pharisee* do the same now? Wit, and reason, and notion, is not screwed up to a very great height; nor do men want words or fancies, or pride, to make them do this thing. Great is the formality of Religion this day, and little the power thereof. Now when there is a great form and little power (and such there was also among the Jews, in the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ), then men are most strangely under the temptation to be hypocrites; for nothing doth so properly and directly oppose hypocrisy as the power and glory of the things we profess. And so on the contrary, nothing is a greater temptation to hypocrisy, than a form of knowledge of things

without the savour thereof. Nor can much of the power and savour of the things of the Gospel be seen at this day upon professors (I speak not now of all) if their actions and conversations be compared together. How proud, how covetous, how like the World in garb and guise, in words and actions, are most of the great professors of this our day! But when they come to Divine Worship, especially to pray, by their words and carriage there one would almost judge them to be Angels from Heaven."—*Bunyan's Works*.

KITTENS, HOW KEPT CLEAN.—A friend has noticed to me a remarkable fact, which I do not remember anywhere to have read of, though it must have been popularly known ever since the cat has been domesticated. Kittens have no evacuation whatever, till they are old enough to run about; nature having thus provided for cleanliness, in a case where it is necessary, and could in no other way be preserved. Farther observations may be expected to show that the same provision is extended to all creatures the young of which are incapable of locomotion, if this excretion was offensive, and it would be impossible for the dam to keep them and their beds clean.

From Chambers's Journal.

## SHOTS AND SHELLS.

If the world will go a-fighting, we of the peaceable class may at least try to understand what the Quixotes are about. With this view we have inquired curiously into the nature of the missiles which, with the aid of villainous saltpetre, they let fly at one another; and the replies we have received enable us to give some account of those diabolical messengers of battle that 'hurtle through the darkened air,' under the name of shots and shells.

The term *shell*, in military language, signifies a hollow globe of cast iron, the central cavity being destined to contain either gunpowder alone, or a mixture of gunpowder and bullets: if the latter, the shell is termed a shrapnell from the gallant captain, its inventor; and also a 'spherical case-shot.' When filled with gunpowder alone, it is simply a shell, or occasionally a bomb-shell.

The ordinary shell, or bomb-shell if the readers please, is a very old invention, dating from at least the beginning of the sixteenth century, and attributed, with strong probability, to the Venetians, who employed this missile with great effect against their enemies the Turks. Its construction is sufficiently simple, consisting as it does of a hollow cast-iron sphere, with an aperture plugged at pleasure, just as a bottle is with a cork. The contents of this round iron bottle are gunpowder; and the intention is, that at a certain given period, the powder shall ignite, and burst the shell into fragments. These fragments spreading far and wide, commit sad devastation by virtue of their projectile force: in addition to which, the ignited gunpowder sets fire to any combustible body with which it may come in contact.

When the shell is projected from a gun, and has arrived at, or at any rate *very near*, the object intended to be struck, the ignition is accomplished by means of a contrivance termed the *fuse*. Now, every child who has amused himself with a squib or a blue-light, will easily comprehend the nature of a fuse, which is a hollow cylinder of wood or metal stuffed hard with a comparatively slow-burning gunpowder or composition—not capable of explosion, but occupying a certain definite number of seconds before it can reach the internal charge. When shells were first introduced, and for a long time subsequently, they were shot out of short stumpy pieces of artillery denominated mortars. At present, they are not thus restricted, all but the very largest being now shot out of cannons and howitzers—the latter a sort of compromise between a cannon

and a mortar. It will be perceived that the regulation or timing of a fuse—in other words, the adjustment of its length, in such a way that its fire may communicate with the central charge exactly at the proper instant—is a matter requiring much delicacy of hand, much calculation, and much experience. If explosion takes place too soon, the whole effect of the discharge is lost; if too late, then the missile is no better than a common round shot. Thus, at Waterloo, many of the French shells did no further harm than bespatter our troops with dirt, on account of the too great length of their fuse. The shells failing to explode in the air, fell, and buried themselves in the ground, where, finally bursting, they spouted up torrents of mud; and that was the extent of the damage they effected.

Perhaps, now, the reader will ask how the fuse is lighted? Why, by the blast of the gun itself—although the discovery that it might thus be lighted was the result of accident. For a long time subsequent to the introduction of shells, the fuse had to be lighted as a preliminary operation—a perilous arrangement, for if the gun missed fire, wo to the gunner!

Many attempts have been made, within the last few years, to effect the ignition of shells without the aid of a fuse—that is to say, to ignite them on the principle of the percussion cap; and if this could be accomplished, they would acquire a great accession of power for many special purposes. Many cases may be imagined in which a shell of this kind would possess a manifest advantage over the common sort; for example, when brought to bear upon ships. The mere bursting of a shell near a ship, is not necessarily attended with serious consequences; but the great point to be achieved would be the explosion at the very moment of contact. The explosion of so large a quantity of gunpowder upon or within a ship's timbers, would be productive of an effect so easy to understand, that it need not be described. This consummation is scarcely likely when shells with fuses are employed, seeing that the very force of concussion has a tendency to extinguish the fuse, to say nothing of the chances in favour of a shell's bursting before it arrives in dangerous propinquity to the ship.

All attempts to apply the percussion principle to shells have, so far as relates to artillery, been futile. If the problem of rifling the bore of cannon, however, was solved, there would be no difficulty in the case, for these projectiles, as a matter of curiosity, have been frequently shot from rifled small-arms, and have exploded on striking their object with almost unfailing certainty.

Having described the ordinary shell, it might seem natural that we should proceed at once to the shrapnell; but certain reasons, the nature of which will be presently evident, induce us to preface that description with some notice of canister-shot. Has the reader ever seen a tin case of preserved provisions? No doubt he has; and he will, therefore, be at no loss to understand the nature of a canister-shot. Instead of a mere case of tin plate, let him imagine one of sheet-iron; instead of dainty provisions, let him fancy the case stuffed full of small iron balls, something larger than musket-balls; and he will then have a good notion of canister-shot.

Now, the sheet-iron canister, although quite strong enough to withstand all the knocks, bumps, and other disturbing contingencies of transport, is by no means strong enough to withstand the explosive force of gunpowder; hence, no sooner is it discharged from a cannon, than its walls, splitting asunder, liberate the bullets, which are then scattered just like a charge of small-shot. The devastating effect of this projectile may be readily imagined; but its range is insignificant. Perhaps a distance of 300 yards may be considered the most effective. Many of us have doubtless heard the assertion made, that a musket will kill a man when fired at the distance of a mile; nor, perhaps, is the assertion incorrect, if we make one trifling proviso—namely, that the man aimed at be hit. But the effective range of a musket is scarcely more than 100 yards; that is to say, if a musket properly charged, screwed in a vice for the purpose of maintaining its exact line of aim, pointed at a target about a yard square, and 100 yards distant, be fired many times in succession, the target will be invariably hit, although not by any means in the same spot. At a distance of 600 or 700 yards, the bullet might be deflected to the extent of 100 yards in any direction; and at the distance of a mile, its deflection would be so great, as to go beyond calculation. Nothing like accuracy of aim, we repeat, can be depended upon with the musket beyond a distance of 100 yards. From a consideration of this circumstance, it follows that artillerymen, with comparative impunity, may discharge canister-shot against a platoon of musket-armed infantry. The Minié rifle, however, and, indeed, many other varieties of rifle, are capable of hitting a mark at 800 yards distance, and even more, with greater certainty than a musket at 100 yards; and therefore, long before a piece of artillery could be brought up within canister-range, its horses or gunners would be crippled or killed, and the gun thus rendered ineffec-

tive. Hence it follows, that since the introduction of the Minié rifle, the advantages of canister-shot are far less than they formerly were under the old musket system.

We are now prepared to enter upon the consideration of shrapnell-shells, or spherical case-shot. Let the reader picture to himself a common bomb-shell, not filled with gunpowder alone, but with a mixture of gunpowder and bullets; as many of the latter being first inserted as the shell will hold, and gunpowder thrown in afterwards until all the interstices are filled up. Let him furthermore imagine an instrument of this description to be supplied with a fuse, and he will have a true notion of the terrible shrapnell-shell, or spherical case-shot. From a consideration of various parts of which this missile is composed, he will see that, being discharged from a cannon, it first travels, like a common round shot; but a certain range having been described, and the burning fuse having ignited the gunpowder within, it will burst in pieces, with all the effect of a canister-shot. The shrapnell, then, admits of being regarded as a canister-shot intended to take effect at a very long range; and the greatest nicety is requisite in apportioning the effective length of the fuse to that distance. In practice, this apportionment is effected by means of a 'fuse auger' or borer, which scoops out determinate lengths of the composition. The effective range of such shells is very great: they will do good execution at 1000 or 1400 yards, and are highly dangerous at still greater distances; thus, as it would seem, conferring on artillery a preponderating advantage over the Minié rifle. Still, we must not conceal the fact, that the question as to this comparison is still open. The Minié rifle has scarcely been tried in the open field of war. During the progress of the siege of Rome, it did good execution against artillery: the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, armed with Minié rifle, having kept up such a destructive fire against the Roman embasures, that the artillery-men could not stand to their guns. In the open field it is argued by the opponents of the Minié rifle, cannon would have the advantage, inasmuch as the latter, instead of being stationary, and thus affording a constant mark for the sharpshooters, would be constantly altering their distance, and thus disturbing the aim of the enemy. No doubt, the remark has much truth in it—but how much, only actual practice in the field can determine. The fact, however, is certain, that the general introduction of Minié and other long-range rifles, will rob canister-shot of much of its terrors; indeed, some experienced men urge the total abandonment of the latter in favour of

shrapnell-shells, the fuses of which can now be regulated with such accuracy, that their explosion at any given distance, compatible with their range, may be absolutely depended upon.

On some future occasion, since we have

donned our fighting-gear, we purpose offering a few remarks on the Congreve Rocket, another terrible instrument of destruction, concerning the nature and powers of which, very little is popularly known.

**BLACKGUARD.**—In a curious old pamphlet of twenty-three pages, entitled *Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph*, by a Committee of Women-Servants and Footmen, London, printed by T. Read for the author, and sold by the booksellers of London, and . . . price one penny (without date), the following passage occurs:

"The next great abuse among us is, that under the Notion of cleaning our Shoes, above ten Thousand Wicked, Idle, Pilfering Vagrants are permitted to stroll about our City and Suburbs. These are called the Black-Guard, who Black your Honour's Shoes, and incorporate themselves under the Title of the Worshipful Company of Japanners. But the Subject is so low that it becomes disagreeable to myself; give me leave therefore to propose a Way to clear the streets of those Vermin, and to substitute as many honest and industrious persons in their stead, who are now starving for want of bread, while these execrable villains live (though in Rags and Nastiness) yet in Plenty and Luxury."

"A(n)swer. The next Abuse you see is, Black your shoes, your Honour, and the Japanners stick in his Stomach. We shall not take upon us to answer for these pitiful Scrubs, but in his own words; the Subject is so low, that it becomes disagreeable even to us, as it does even to himself, and he may clear the streets of these Vermin in what Manner he pleases if the Law will give him leave, for we are in no want of them; we are better provided for already in that respect by our Masters and their Sons."

The following lines by Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex (the writer of the famous old song, "To all you ladies now at land"), are an instance of the application of this term to the turbulent link-boys, against whom the proclamation, quoted by Mr. Cunningham, was directed. Their date is probably a short time before that of the proclamation:

"Belinda's sparkling wit and eyes,

United cast so fierce a light,  
As quickly flashes, quickly dies;

Wounds not the heart, but burns the sight.

Love is all gentleness, Love is all joy;

Sweet are his looks, and soft his pace:

Her Cupid is a *blackguard boy*,

That runs his link full in your face."

*Notes and Queries.*

**DISTRESSED HUSBANDS.**—We came to some Arab tents, about six in number, where to our great surprise, a general stillness and gloom prevailed. The men and children sat on the

ground with a look of melancholy, whilst the women, generally very active, rested from their occupations, and manifested their grief by floods of tears. "What has happened, Ali, that you are all so much cast down?" asked one of our party, addressing himself to an old man. "Such is the will of God," was the only reply. "But what has happened, Ali?" "Maktoob—It is so pre-ordained," answered the old man, shaking his head and clasping his hands. "Has any one died?" To this he only replied with a sigh, and pointed us to the interior of his tent. But instead of participating in his grief, my friend abruptly asked him, "Where is the *sloghi* (the greyhound) of last year?" "How can you put such a question to me when you witness my grief and distress?" "Who then is dead?" continued my inquisitive companion. "My wife!" replied the old Arab, pointing us again to the interior of the tent, where apparently, she lay, covered with a kind of blanket. "But what have you done with the lovely greyhound?" Old Ali now indignantly expressed his surprise that such a question should be put to him at a time when his mind was so differently occupied. He thought it manifested hard-heartedness, if not extreme cruelty. "But are you sure that your wife is *quite* dead?" "Do not mock me, O Moslems!" The interrogator then called a soldier, who happened to be near, and gave him his horse to hold, while he himself entered the tent. On removing the blanket, he found the Arab's wife holding the pet *sloghi* in her arms. On being thus detected, the poor woman cried out most beseechingly, "Do not take the dog!" and the whole company, men, women, and children, most imploringly re-echoed the words, "Do not take the dog!" The intruder then turned to old Ali, and, with an ironical smile on his countenance, said, "You see your dear wife is not quite dead."—*Evenings in my Tent.*

If the *h* must be "exasperated" (as Matthews used to say) in words adapted into the English Language, how does it happen that we never hear it in hour, honour, heir, honest, and humour? With regard to the word humble, in support of the *h* being silent, I have seen it stated in a dictionary, but by whom I cannot call to mind, in a list of words nearly spelled alike, and whose sound is the same:

"Humble, low, submissive."

"Umbles, the entrails of a deer."

Hence the point of the sarcasm "He will be made to eat humble pie;" and it serves in this instance to show that the *h* is silent when the word is properly pronounced.—*Notes and Queries.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE QUIET HEART.

## PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

"JENNY, Jenny, canna ye open the door—it's just me."

"It's just you, mischief and mischief-maker as ye are," muttered Jenny, in answer to Nelly Panton's soft appeal; "and what are ye wanting here?"

But Jenny could not be so inhospitable as to shut out with a closed door the applicant for admission, especially as a rapid April shower was just then flashing out of the morning skies. Nelly came in breathless, shaking some bright raindrops off her dingy shawl; but neither the rain upon her cheeks, nor the fresh wind that carried it, nor even the haste of her own errand, sufficed to bring any animating colour to Nelly Panton's face.

"I'm no to stay a minute," she said breathlessly. "No a creature kens I'm here; and you're no to bid me stay, but just to gie me your advice and let me rin—I maun be hame before my mother kens."

"I have nae will to keep ye; ye needna be afeard," retorted Jenny. "And what's your pleasure now, that you've got so early out to Burnsides?"

"Nane of the ladies 'll be stirring yet," said Nelly, looking round cautiously. "It was just a thing I wanted to ask you Jenny—I ken you're aye a guid friend."

"Sorrow!" muttered Jenny between her teeth—but the end of the sentence died away; and whether the word was used as an epithet, or whether it was "Sorrow take you!" Jenny's favorite ban, Nelly, innocently confiding, did not pause to inquire.

"For I heard in the Brigend that you had been kent to say that you wouldna gang a' the gate to London if the mistress ga'e you triple your wage," said Nelly, "and that you would recommend her to a younger lass. My auntie, Marget Panton, even gaed the length to say that ye had been heard to mention my name; but I wouldna have the face to believe that, though mony thanks to you for the thought; and I just ran out whenever I rose this morning to say, do ye think I might put in an application, Jenny, aye counting on you as a guid friend?"

"Wha ever gave ye warrant to believe that I was a guid friend?" exclaimed Jenny. "My patience! you taking upon you to offer yourself for my place. My place! And wha daured to say I wanted to leave the mistress? Do ye think wage, or triple wage, counts with me? Do ye think I'm like yourself, you pitiful self-seeking creature? Do ye think ony mortal would ever be the better of you in ony strait, frae a sair finger to a family misfortune? Gae way wi' ye! My place, my certy! Would naething serve ye but that?"

"You see I'm no taking weel wi' hame," said the undismayed Nelly. "My mother and me canna put up right, and me being sae lang away before, she's got out of the use of my atten-

tions, and canna understand them. But I'm real attentive for a' that, Jenny, and handy in mony a thing that wouldna be expected frae the like of you; and I could wait on Miss Menie, ye ken, being mair like her ain years, and fleech up the mistress grand. I ken I could—besides greeing with the stranger servants, which it's no to be expected you would do, being aye used to your ain way. But for my part, I'm real quiet and inoffensive—folk never ken me in a house; and I have my ain reasons for wanting to gang to London, baith to look after Johnnie, and ither concerns of my ain—and I would aye stand your friend constant, and be thankful to you for recommending me—and I'm sure afore the year was done the mistress would be thankful too for a guid lass—and I could recommend you to a real fine wee cottage atween Kirklands and the Brigend, with a very cheery window looking to the road, that would do grand for a single woman; or my mother would be blithe to take you in for a lodger, and she's guid company when she's no thrawn—and Jenny, woman—"

"Gang out of this house," said Jenny, with quiet fury, holding the door wide open in her hand, and setting down her right foot upon the floor of her own domain, with a stamp of absolute supremacy. "No anither word—gang out of this door, and let me see your face again if ye daur! Gang to London—fleech up the mistress—wait upon Miss Menie! My patience!—and you'll ca' a decent woman thrawn to me! Gang out of this house, ye shadow! the sight of you's enough to throw ony mortal temper! Your mother, honest woman!—but I canna forgive her for being art or part in bringing the like of you to this world. Are ye gaun away peaceably—or I'll put ye out by the shouthers with my ain twa hands!"

"Eh, sic a temper!" said Nelly Panton, vanishing from the threshold as Jenny made one rapid step forward. "I'm sure I forgive you, Jenny, though I'm sure as weel, that if the rain hadna laid a' the stour, mony a ane has shaken the dust off their feet for a testimony against less ill usage than you've gi'en me; but I'm thankful for my guid disposition—I'm thankful there's nae crook in me, and I leave you to your ain thoughts, Jenny Durward; it's weel kent what a life thae twa pair ladies lead with ye, through a' the countryside."

The kitchen door violently shnt, by good fortune drowned for Jenny this last vindictive utterance, and Nelly Panton, unexcited, drew her shawl again close over her elbows, and went with her stealthy steps upon her way—a veritable shadow falling dark across the sunshine, and without a spot of brightness in her, within or without, to throw back reflection, or answer to the sunny morning light which flashed upon all the glistening way.

But no such quietness possessed the soul of Jenny of Burnsides; over the fresh sandal floor of her bright kitchen her short vigorous steps pattered like hail. Cups and saucers came ringing down from her hands upon the tray, which she was crowding with breakfast "things." The bread-basket quivered upon the

table where her excited hands had set it down. She turned to the hearth, and the poor little copper kettle rang upon the grate—the poker assaulted the startled fire—the very chain quaked and trembled, hanging from the old-fashioned crook far back in the abyss of the chimney. Very conspicuous in this state of the mental atmosphere became Jenny's high shoulder. It seemed to develop and increase with every additional puff, and the most liberal and kindly commentator could not have denied this morning the existence of the "thraw."

And not without audible expression, over and above the hard-drawn breath of the "fuff," was Jenny's indignation. "My place, my certy! less wouldna serve her!"—"Handier than could be expected frae the like of me!"—"Stand my friend constant!"—"A cothouse atween Kirklands and the Brigend!" A snort of rage punctuated and separated every successive quotation, till, as Jenny cooled down a little, there came to her relief a variety of extremely complimentary titles, all very eloquent and expressive, conveying in the clearest language, Jenny's opinion of the good qualities of Nelly Panton, which last, by-and-by, however, softened still further into the milder chorus of "a bonnie ane!" with which Jenny's wrath gradually wore itself away.

All this time the sunshine lay silent and unbroken upon the paved passage, with its strip of matting, and the light shone quiet in Mrs. Laurie's parlour. The petulant rain had ceased to ring upon the panes, though some large drops hung there still, clinging to the framework of the window, and gradually shrinking and drying up before the light. The branches without made a sheen through the air, almost as dazzling as if every tree were a Highland dancer with a drawn claymore in his right hand, and the larch flung its spray of rain upon Menie Laurie's chamber window, bidding her down to the new life and the new day which brightened all the watching hills.

And now comes Mrs. Laurie steadily down the stairs with her little shawl in her hand, and traces of a mind made up and determined in her face; and now comes Menie, with a half song on her lips, and a little light of amusement and expectation in her eyes, for Menie has heard afar off the sound of Jenny's excitement. But Jenny, too decorous to invade the dignity of the breakfast table, says nothing when she brings in the kettle, and does not even add to its fuff the sound of her own, and Menie has time to grow composed and grave, and to hear with a more serious emotion Mrs. Laurie's decision. Not without a sigh Mrs. Laurie intimates it, though her daughter knows nothing of the one reason which has overweighed all others. But the ruling mind of the household, having decided, loses no time in secondary hesitations. "We will try to let Burnside as it is, Menie," said Mrs. Laurie, looking round upon the familiar room. "If we can get a careful tenant, it will be far better not to remove the furniture. If we make it known at once, the house may be taken before the term; and I will write to your aunt and say that we accept her offer. It

is a long journey by land, and expensive. I think we will go to Edinburgh first, Menie. The weather is settled and should be fine at Whitsunday; then to London by sea."

Menie did not trust herself to express in words the excitement of hope and pleasure with which she heard this great and momentous change brought down into a matter of sober everyday arrangement; but it was not difficult to understand and translate the varying colour on her cheek, and the sudden gleam of her sunny eyes. As it happened, however, with a natural caprice, the one objection which her mother's will could not set aside suddenly suggested itself to Menie. She looked up with a slight alarm—"But Jenny, mother?" Menie Laurie could not realise the possibility of leaving Jenny behind.

Mrs. Laurie's hand had not left the bell. Jenny, at the door caught the words with satisfaction. But Jenny did not choose to acknowledge herself subject to any influence exercised by the "youngest of the house;" and Jenny, moreover, had come prepared, and had no time to lose in preliminaries.

"There's twa or three things to be done about the house before anybody can stir out of this," said Jenny emphatically, pausing when she had half cleared the breakfast-table. "I want to ken, mem, if it's your pleasure, what time we're to gang away."

"I have just been thinking—about the term, Jenny," said her mistress, accepting Jenny's adhesion quietly and without remark; "if we can get a tenant to Burnside."

"I thought you would be wanting a tenant to Burnside," muttered Jenny, "to make every table and chair in the house a shame to be seen, and the place no fit to live in when we come back; but its name o' Jenny's business if the things maun be spoiled. I have had a woman at me this morning with an offer to gang in my place. I've nae business to keep it out of your knowledge, so you may get Nelly Panton yet, if it's your pleasure, instead of me. I'm speaking to your mother, Miss Menie; the like of you has nae call to put in your word. Am I to tell Nelly you would like to speak to her, mem—or what am I to say?"

And Jenny again planted her right foot firmly before her, again expanded her irascible nostril, and, with comic perversity and defiance, stood and waited for her mistress's answer.

"Away you go, Jenny, and put your work in order," said Mrs. Laurie; "get somebody in from the Brigend to help you, and let everything be ready for the flitting—you know I don't want Nelly Panton—no, you need not interrupt me—nor anybody else. We'll all go to London together, and we'll all come back again some time if we're spared. I don't know how you would manage without us, Jenny; but see, there's Menie with open eyes wondering what we should do without you."

"Na, the bairn has discrimination," said Jenny steadily; "that's just what I say to myself. Nae doubt it's a great change to a woman at my time of life, but I just say what could

the two ladies do, mair especially a young lassie like Miss Menie, and that's enough to reconcile ane to mony a thing. Weel, I'll see the wark putten in hands; but if you take my advice, mem, ye'll see baith mistress and maid afore ye let fremd folk into Burnsdo. It's no ilka hand that can keep up a room like this: for I ken mysel the things were nae mair like what they are now, when I came first, than fir wood's like oak; and what's the matter of twa or three pounds, by the month, for rent, in comparison with ruining a haill house of furniture?—though, to be sure its nae business of mine: and if folk winna take guid counsel when it's offered, naeboddy can blame Jenny."

So saying, Jenny went briskly to her kitchen, to set on foot immediate preparations for the removal, leaving her "guid counsel" for Mrs. Laurie's consideration. Mrs. Laurie found little time to deliberate. She had few distant friends, and no great range of correspondents at any time, and another perusal of Miss Annie Laurie's epistle set her down to answer it with a puzzled face. A little amusement, a little impatience, a little annoyance, drew together the incipient curve on Mrs. Laurie's brow, and Jenny's advice got no such justice at her hands as would have satisfied Jenny, and was summarily dismissed when its time of consideration came.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Johnnie Lithgow exists no longer." The words chased the colour from Menie Laurie's cheek, and drew a pitying exclamation from her lips. Alas, for Johnnie Lithgow's mourning mother! But Menie read on and laughed, and was consoled. "There is no such person known about the office of the great paper; but Mr. Lythgoe, the rising critic, the leader of popular judgments, and writer of popular articles, is fast growing into fame and notice. The days of the compositor are over, and I fear the author must be a little troubled about the plebeian family who once rejoiced the poor young printer's heart. Yet the heart remains a very good heart, my dear Menie—vain, perhaps, and a little fickle and wavering, not quite knowing its own mind, but a very simple kindly heart in the main, and sure to come back to all the natural duties and loves. I give you full warrant to comfort the mother. Johnnie has been somewhat *fêted* and lionised of late, and is not, perhaps, at present exactly what our sober unexcitable friends call *steady*. His head is turned with the unusual attention he has been receiving, and perhaps a little salutary humiliation may be necessary to bring him down again; but I have no fear of him in the end. He is very clever, writes extremely well, and is one of the most wise and sensible of men—in print. I almost wonder that I have not mentioned him to you sooner, for he and I have seen a good deal of each other of late, and Johnnie is a very good fellow, I assure you—not without natural refinement, and very fresh, and hearty, and genial; moreover, a rising man, as the common slang goes, and

one who has made a wonderful leap in a very short time; so we must pardon him in his first elation if he seems a little negligent of his friends."

A slight flush of colour ran wavering over Menie's cheek as "a little salutary humiliation may be necessary" she repeated under her breath, and, starting at the sound of her own voice, looked round guiltily, as if in terror lest she had been overheard. But there was no one to overhear—no one but her own heart, which, suddenly startled out of its quiet, looks round too with a timid, troubled glance, as if a ghost had crossed its line of vision, and hears these words echoing softly among all the trees. Well, there is no harm in the words, but Menie feels as if, in whispering them, she had betrayed some secret of her betrothed, and with an uneasy step and clouded face she turns away.

Why?—or what has Randall done to call this shadow up on Menie Laurie's way? But Menie Laurie neither could or would tell, and only feels a cloud of vague vexation and unexplainable displeasure rise slowly up upon her heart.

Yet it is no very long time till Mrs. Laurie hears the news, unshadowed by any dissatisfaction, and very soon after Menie is speeding along the Kirklands road restored to all her usual cloudlessness, though it happens somehow, that, after a second bold plunge at it in the stillness of her own room, which reddened Menie's cheek again with involuntary anger, she skips this objectionable paragraph in Randall's letter, and, asking herself half audibly, what Johnnie Lithgow is to her, solaces herself out of her uneasiness by Randall's exultation over her own last letter. For Randall is most heartily and cordially rejoiced to think of having his betrothed so near him—there can be no doubt of that.

And here upon the hillside path, almost like one of those same delicate beechen boughs which wave over its summit, July Home comes fluttering down before the wind—her soft uncertain feet scarcely touching the ground, as you can think—her brown dress waving—her silky hair betraying itself as usual, astray upon her shoulders. Down comes July, not without a stumble now and then, over boulder or bramble, but looking very much as if she floated on the sweet atmosphere which streams down fresh and full from the top of the hill, and the elastic spring air could bear her well enough upon its sunny current for all the weight she has. Very simple are the girlish salutations exchanged when the friends meet. "Eh, Menie, where are you going?" and "Is that you, July? you can come with me."

And now the road has two shadows upon it instead of one, and a murmur of low-toned voices running like a hidden tinkle of water along the hedgerow's side. "Johnnie Lithgow? eh, I'm glad he's turned clever," said little July; "he used to come up the hill at nights when nobody ever played with me; and I think, Menie—you'll no be angry?—he had more patience than Randall, for I mind him once carrying me, when I was just a little thing,

all the way round the wood to the Resting Stane, to see the sunset, and minding what I said too, though I was so wee. I'm glad, Menie—I'm sure I'm very glad; but Randall, being clever himself, might have told us about Johnnie Lithgow before."

"You never can think that Johnnie Lithgow is as clever as Randall," said Menie, indignantly. "That's not what I mean either. Randall's not clever, July. You need not look so strange at me. Clever! Jenny's clever; I'm clever myself at some things; but Randall—I call Randall a genius, July."

And Menie raised loftily the face which was now glowing with a flush of affectionate pride. With a little awe July assented; but July still in her inmost heart asserted Randall to be clever, and rather avoided a discussion of this perplexing word genius, which July did not feel herself quite competent to define or understand.

And now the road begins to slope upwards, the hedgerow breaks and opens upon braes of close grass, marked here and there by bars and streaks of brown, like stationary shadows, and rich with little nests of low-growing heather and hillside flowers. An amphitheatre of low hills opens now from the summit of this one, which the road mounts. Bare unwooded slopes, falling away at their base into cultivated fields, and rising upward in stretches of close-cropped pasture land; soft luxurious grass, sweet with its thyme and heather, with small eyes of flowers piercing up from under its close-woven blades—soft as summer couch need be, and elastic as ever repelled the foot of passing herdsman; but looking somewhat bare in its piebald livery, as it breaks upon the bright spring sky above.

And the road dives down—down into the hollows of the circle, where gleams a winding burn, and rises a village, its roofs of tile and thatch basking serenely in the sun. A little church, holding up the little open belfry against the hillside, as if entreating to be lifted higher, stands at the entrance of the village; and you can already see the little span-broad bridges that cross the burn, and the signboards which hang above the doors of the cottage shops in the main street. Here, too, keeping the road almost like an official of equal authority, the smithy glows with its fiery eye upon the kirk; for the kirk, you will perceive, is almost a new one, and has little pretensions to the hereditary reverence of its small dependency, standing there bare and alone, without a single grave to keep watch upon; whereas the smiddy's antique roof is heavy with lichens; and ploughs and harrows, resplendent in primitive red and blue, obtrude themselves a little way beyond the door, with the satisfaction of conscious wealth.

And here is a cottage turning its back upon the burn, and modestly settling down its white doorstep upon the rude causeway: the door is open, and some one sits at work by the fireside within; but in a corner stands a sack of meal, and a little humble counter interposes sideways between the fire and the threshold. Some humble goods lie on the window-shelves, and

the counter itself has a small miscellany—dim glasses, full of "sweeties;" dimmer still with balls of cotton, blue and white, with stiffly twisted stalks of sampler worsted, and red and yellow stalks of barley-sugar, scarcely to be distinguished from the thread. Altogether the counter, with its dangling scales, the half-filled shelves that break the light from the window, and a few drawers behind, fit out the village shop where Mrs. Lithgow does a little daily business, enough to keep herself, alone and widowed, in daily bread.

For Nelly Panton, sitting behind at the fire, is a mantua-maker, and maintains herself. By good fortune, this maintenance is very cheaply accomplished; and Nelly's "drap parritch" and cup of tea are by much the smallest burden which her society entails upon her mother. Decent lass as Nelly is, she has come through no small number of vicissitudes, and, swayed between household service and this same disconsolate mantua-making of hers, like the discontented pendulum—not to speak of two or three occasions past, when Nelly has been just on the eve of being married, a consummation which even the devout desire of Mrs. Lithgow has not yet succeeded in bringing peacefully to pass—for Nelly and her lovers, as Mrs. Lithgow laments pathetically, "can never gree lang enough," and some kind fairy always interposes in time to prevent any young man of Kirklands from accomplishing to himself such a fate.

Mrs. Lithgow's dress is scarcely less doleful than her daughter: a petticoat of some dark woollen stuff, and a clean white shortgown, are scarcely enlivened by the check apron, bright blue and white as it is, which girds in the upper garment; but the close cap which marks her second widowhood encloses a face fresh, though careworn, with lines of anxious thought something too clearly defined about the brow and cheeks. A little perplexity adds just now to the care upon the widow's face; for upon her countenance stands a square wooden box, strongly corded and sealed, over which, with much bewilderment, the good woman ponders. Very true, it is directed to Mrs. Lithgow, Kirklands, and Kirklands knows no Mrs. Lithgow but herself; but with a knife in her hand to cut the cord, and a little broken hammer beside her on the counter, with which she proposes to "prise" open the securely nailed lid, the widow still hangs marvelling over the address, and the broad red office-seal, and wonders once again who it can be that sends this mystery to her.

"I've heard of folk getting what lookit like a grand present, and it turning out naething but a wisp o' straw, or a weight of stanes," said the perplexed Mrs. Lithgow, as her young visitors saluted her; "but this is neither to ca' very heavy nor very light; and it's no directed in a hand of write that ane might have kenned, but in muckle printed letters like a book; and I'm sure I canna divine, if I was thinking on a'budy I ever kent a' my days, wha could send such a thing to me."

"But if you open the box you'll see," cried

July Home. "Eh! I wish you would open it the time we're here; for I think I ken it's from Johnnie, and Menie Laurie has grand news of Johnnie in her letter. I was as glad as if it was me. He's turned clever, Mrs. Lithgow; he's growing to be a great man like our Randall. Eh! Menie, what ails her?"

Something ailed her that July did not know—a trembling thrill of apprehensive joy, an intense realisation for the moment of all her terrors and sorrows, suddenly inspired, and flooded over with the light of a new hope. The color fled from Mrs. Lithgow's very lips; the little broken hammer fell with a heavy clang upon the floor at her feet. Her eyes turned wistfully, eagerly, upon Menie; the light swam in them, and yet they could read so clearly the expression of this face.

And Menie, conquering her blush and hesitation, took out her letter and read bravely so much of it as was suitable for the mother's ear. The mother forgot all about the mysterious box, even though it seemed so likely now to come from Johnnie. She sat down abruptly on the wooden chair behind the counter; she lifted up her checked apron, and pressed it with both hands into the corners of her eyes. "My puir laddie! my puir laddie!"—You could almost have fancied it was some misfortune to Johnnie which caused this swelling of his mother's heart.

"And he's in among grand folk, and turning a muckle man himself," said Mrs. Lithgow, softly, after a considerable pause. "Was that what the letter said?—was that what the folk told me?—and he's my son for a' that—Johnnie Lithgow, my ain little young bairn."

"I think, mother, ye may just as weel let me open the box," said Nelly, coming forward with her noiseless step. "We'll ken by what's in't if he's keeping thought of us; though I'm sure it's no muckle like as if he was, keeping folks anxious so lang, and him prospering. I'll just open the box. I wouldna be aye to hang at his tails if Johnnie thought shame of his poor friends; but still a considerate lad would mind that there's mony a little thing might be useful at Kirklands. I'll open the box and see."

The mother rose to thrust her away angrily. "Is it what he sends I'm heeding about, think ye?" she exclaimed with momentary passion. "I'm his mother; I'm seeking naething but his ain welfare and well doing. Was't gifts I wanted, or profit by my son? But aye needna speak to you."

"Eh! but there's maybe a letter," said July Home, with a little natural artifice. "Mrs. Lithgow, I would open it an see."

And Mrs. Lithgow, with this hope, cut the cords vigorously, though with a trembling hand—rejecting, not without anger, the offered assistance of Nelly, who now crossed her hands demurely on her apron, and stood, virtuous and resigned, looking on. Little July, very eager and curious, could not restrain her restless fingers, but helped to loose the knots involuntarily with a zealous aid, which the widow did not refuse; and Menie not quite sure that it was right to intrude upon the mother's joy,

but very certain that she would greatly like to see what Johnnie Lithgow sent home, lingered, with shy and less visible curiosity, between the counter and the door.

But Mrs. Lithgow's hands trembling with anxiety, and the excitement of great joy, and the little thin fingers of July, never very nervous at any time, made but slow progress in their work; and poor July even achieved a scratch here and there from refractory nails before it was concluded. When the lid had been fairly lifted off, a solemn pause ensued. No letter appeared; but a brilliant gown-piece of printed cotton lay uppermost, the cover and wrapper of various grandeurs below. Mrs. Lithgow pulled out these hidden glories hurriedly, laying them aside with only a passing glance; a piece of silk, too grand by far for anybody within a mile of Kirklands; ribbons which even Menie Laurie beheld with a flutter of admiration; and a host of other articles of feminine adornment, so indisputably put together by masculine hands that the more indifferent spectators were tempted to laughter at last. But Mrs. Lithgow had no leisure to laugh—no time to admire the somewhat coarse shawl which she could wear, nor the gay gowns which she could not. Down to the very depths, and, conclusion of all, to the white paper lying in the bottom of the box; but not a scrap of written paper bade his mother receive all these from Johnnie. The gift came unaccompanied by a single word to identify the giver. Mrs. Lithgow sat down again in her chair, subdued and silent, and Menie had discernment enough to see the bitter tears of disappointed hope that gathered in the mother's eyes; but she said nothing, either of comment or complaint, till the slow business-like examination with which Nelly began to turn over these anonymous gifts, startled into sudden provocation and anger the excitement which, but for pride and jealous regard that no one should have a word to say against her son, would fain have found another channel.

"Eh! Mrs. Lithgow, isn't it bonnie?" cried simple little July Home, as she smoothed down with her hand the glistening folds of silk. Mrs. Lithgow had laid violent hands upon it, to thrust it back into the box out of Nelly's way; but as July spoke, her own womanish interest was roused, and now, when the first shock had passed, the tears in the widow's eyes grew less salt and bitter; she looked at the beautiful fabric glistening in the light—she looked at the little pile of bright ribbons—at the warm comfortable shawl, and her heart returned to its first flush of thankfulness and content.

"It's far owre grand for the like of me," she said at last; "it would be mair becoming some of yon young ladies: but a young lad's no to be expected to ken about such things; and he's bought it for the finest he could get, and spent a lock of siller on't, to please his mother. I'm no surprised myself—it's just like his kind heart; but there's few folks fit to judge my Johnnie; he was never like other callants a' his days."

But still Mrs. Lithgow could not bear Nelly's

slow matter-of-fact perusal and comment on her new treasures. She put them up, one by one, restored them to the box, and carried it away to her own room in her own arms, to be privately wept and rejoiced over there.

"Randall never sent home anything like you," said July softly to herself, as they returned to Burnside, "and Randall was clever before Johnnie Lithgow. I wonder he never had the thought."

"Randall knows better," said Menie. "When Randall sends things, he sends becoming things; it's only you, July, who have not the thought: if Johnnie Lithgow had been wise, he would not have sent such a present to Kirklands."

But just then a line of a certain favorite song crossed Menie's mind against her will—"Wisdom sae cauld;" and July looked down upon her own printed frock, and thought a silken gown, like Johnnie Lithgow's present, might be a very becoming thing. At seventeen—even at twenty—one appreciates a piece of kindly folly fully better than an act of wisdom.

## CHAPTER VIII.

But Menie Laurie was by no means satisfied that even simple little July should make comparison so frequent between Randall, her own hero, and the altogether new and sudden elevation of Johnnie Lithgow. Johnnie Lithgow might be very clever, might be a newspaper conductor, and a rising man; but Randall—Randall, in spite of the little chilliness of that assumed superiority which could think humiliation necessary to bring his youthful countryman down—in spite of Menie's consciousness that there lacked something of the frank and generous tone with which one high spirit should acknowledge the excellence of another—Randall was still the ideal genius, the something so far above "clever," that Menie felt him insulted by praise so mean as this word implied.

There was little time for speculation on the subject, yet many a mood of Menie's was tinged by its passing gleam, for Menie sometimes thought her betrothed unappreciated, and was lofty and scornful, and disposed in his behalf to defy all the world. Sometimes impatient of the estimation, which, great though it was, was not great enough, Menie felt not without a consoling self-satisfaction that she alone did Randall perfect justice. Johnnie Lithgow!—what though he did write articles! Menie was very glad to believe, condescendingly, that he might be clever, but he never could be Randall Home.

"You'll hae heard the news," said Miss Janet, sitting very upright in one of the Burnside easy-chairs, with her hands crossed on her knee: "they say that you and our Randall, Miss Menie, my dear, were the first, between you, to carry word of it to his mother, and her breaking her heart about her son. But Mrs. Lithgow's gotten a letter from Johnnie noo, a' about how grand he is—and I hear he's paying a haill guinea by the week for his twa rooms, and seeing a' the great folk in the land—no to say he's writing now the paper he ance printed, and

is great friends with our Randy. Randy was aye awfu' particular of his company. I was saying mysel it was the best sign I heard of Johnnie Lithgow that Randall Home was taking him by the hand; I'm no meaning pride, Mrs. Laurie. I'm sure I ken so weel it's a' his ain doing, and the fine nature his Maker gave him, that I aye say we've nae right to be proud; but it would be sinning folks' mercies no to ken—and I never saw a lad like Randall Home a' my days."

Menie said nothing in this presence. Shy at all times to speak of Randall, before her own mother and his aunt, it was a thing impossible, but she glanced up hastily with glowing eyes, and a flush of sudden color, to meet Miss Janet's look. Miss Janet's face was full of affectionate pride and tenderness, but the good simple features had always a little cloud of humility and deprecation hovering over them. Miss Janet knew herself liable to attack on many points, knew herself very homely, and not at all worthy of the honour of being Randall's aunt, and had been snubbed and put down a great many times in the course of her kindly life—so Miss Janet was wont to deliver her modest sentiments with a little air of half-troubled propitiatory fear.

Mrs. Laurie made little response. She was busy with her work at the moment, and, not without little angles of temper for her own share, did not always join in this devout admiration of Randall Home. Menie, "thinking shame," said nothing either, and, in the momentary silence which ensued, Miss Janet's heart rose with a flutter of apprehension; she feared she had said something amiss—too much or too little; and Miss Janet's cheeks grew red under the abashed eyes which she bent so anxiously over the well-known pattern of Mrs. Laurie's carpet.

"I'm afeard you're thinking it's a vain glory that gars me speak," said Miss Janet, tracing the outline with her large foot; "and it's very true that aye deceives aye'sel in a thing like this; but it's no just because he's our Randall, Mrs. Laurie; and it's no that I'm grudging at Johnnie Lithgow for being clever—but I canna think he's like my ain bairn."

"A merry little white-headed fellow, with a wisp of curls," said Mrs. Laurie, good-humoredly—"No, he's not like Randall, Miss Janet—I think I'll answer for that as well as you; but we'll see them both, very likely, when we get to London. Strange things happen in this world," continued Menie's mother, drawing herself up with a little conscious pride and pique, which the accompanying smile showed her own half amusement with. "There's young Walter Wellwood of Kirkland will never be anything but a dull country gentleman, though he comes of a clever family, and has had every advantage; and here is a boy out of Kirklands parish-school taking up literature and learning at his own hand!"

Miss Janet was slightly disturbed, and looked uneasy. Randall too had begun his career in the Parish school at Kirklands: there was a suspicion in this speech of something derogatory to him.

"But the maister in Kirklands is very clever, Mrs. Laurie," said Miss Janet anxiously; "he makes grand scholars. When our Randall gae to the grammar school in Dumfries, the gentlemen a' made a wonder of him; and for a' his natural parts he couldna have gotten on so fast without a guid teacher; and it's no every man could maister Randy. I mind at the time the gentlemen couldna say enough to commend the Dominie. I'll warrant they a' think weel of him still on account of his guid success, and the like of him deserves to get credit with his laddies. I'm sure Johnnie Lithgow, having had nae other instruction, should be very grateful to the maister."

"The maister will be very proud of him," said Menie; "though they say in Kirklands that ever so many ministers have been brought up in the school. But never mind Johnnie Lithgow—everybody speaks of him now; and, mother, you were to tell Miss Janet about when we are going away."

"I think John will never look out of the end window mair," said Miss Janet. "I can see he's shifting his chair already—him that used to be so fond of the view; and I'm sure I'll be very dreary mysel, thinking there's naebody I ken in Burnside; but what if you dinna like London, Mrs. Laurie? It's very grand I believe, and you've lived in great towns before, and ken the ways of the world better than the like of me; but after a country life, I would think aye would weary of the town; and if you do, will you come hame?"

Mrs. Laurie shook her head. "I was very well content in Burnside," she said. "With my own will I never would have left it, Miss Janet; but I go for good reasons, and not for pleasure; and my reasons will last, whether I weary or no. There's Menie must get masters, you know, and learn to be accomplished—or Miss Annie Laurie will put her to shame."

"I dinna ken what she could learn, for my part," said Miss Janet affectionately, "nor how she could weel be better or bonnier, for a'boddy can see the genty lady-breeding Miss Menie's got; and there's naebody atween this and the hills needs to be telt of the kind heart and the pleasant tongue, and the face that every creature's blithe to see; and I'm sure I never heard a voice like her for singing; and a' the grand tunes she can play, and draw landscapes, and work any kind of bonnie things you like to mention. Didna you draw a likeness of Jenny, Miss Menie, my dear? And I'm sure you view you took from the tap of our hill is just the very place itself—as natural as can be; and for my part, Mrs. Laurie, I dinna ken what mortal could desire for her mair."

Mrs. Laurie smiled; but the mother was not displeased, though she did think it possible still to add to Menie's acquirements, if not to her excellence; and Menie herself went off laughing and blushing, fully resolved in her own mind to destroy forthwith that likeness wherein poor Jenny's "high shouter" figured with an emphasis and distinctness extremely annoying to the baffled artist, whose pencil ran away with her very often in these same much-commended

drawings, and who was sadly puzzled in most cases how to make two sides of anything alike. And Menie knew her tunes were anything but grand, her landscapes not at all remarkable for truth—yet Menie was by no means distressed by Miss Janet's simple-hearted praise.

The evening was spent in much talk of the departure. July Home had followed her aunt, and sat in reverential silence, listening to the conversation, and making a hundred little confidential communications of her own opinion to Menie, which Menie had some trouble in reporting for the general good. It was nine o'clock of the moonlight April night when the farmer of Crofthill came to escort his "womankind" home. The clear silent radiance darkened the distant hills, even while it lent a silver outline to their wakeful guardian range, and Menie came in a little saddened from the gate where the father of her betrothed had grasped her hand so closely in his good-night. "No mair good-nights now," said John Home. "I'll no get up my heart the morn, though it is the first day of summer. You should have slipped up the hill the night to gather the dew in the morning, May; but I'll learn to think the May mornings darker than they used to be, when your ain month takes my bonnie lassie from Burnside. Weel, weel, aye's loss is another's gain; but I grudge you to London smoke, and London crowds. You must mind, May, my woman, and keep your hame heart."

Your home heart, Menie—your heart of simple trust and untried quiet. Is it a good wish, think you, kind and loving though the wisher be? But Menie looks up at the sky, with something trembling faintly in her mind, like the quiver of this charmed air under the flood of light—and has note of unknown voices, faces, visions, coming in upon the calm of her fair youth, unknown, unfear'd; and so she turns to the home lights again, with nothing but the sweet thrill of innocent expectation to rouse her, secure in the peace and tranquil serenity of this home heart of hers, which goes away softly, through the moonlight and the shadow, through the familiar gloom of the little hall, and into the comforts of the mother's parlour, singing its song of conscious happiness, under its breath.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Left behind! July Home has dried her eyes at last; and out of many a childish fit of tears and sobbing, suddenly becomes silent like a child, and, standing on the road, looks wistfully after them, with her lips apart, and her breast now and then trembling with the swell of her half-subdued grief. The gentle May wind has taken out of its braid July's brown silky hair, and toys with it upon July's neck with a half derisive sympathy, as a big brother plays with the transitory sorrow of a child. But the faint colour has fled from July's cheek, except just on this one flushed spot where it has been resting on her hand; and with a wistful longing, her young innocent eyes travel along the vacant road. No one is there to catch this lingering look; and even the far-off

sound, which she bends forward to hear, has died away in the distance. Another sob comes trembling up—another faint swell of her breast, and quiver of her lip—and July turns sadly away into the forsaken house, to which such a sudden air of emptiness and desolation has come; and, sitting down on the carpet by the window, once more bends down her face into her hands, and cries to her heart's content.

There is no change in the parlour at Burnside—not a little table, not a single chair has been moved out of its place; yet it is strange to see the forlorn deserted look which everything has already learned to wear. Mrs. Laurie's chair gapes with its open empty arms—Menie's stool turns drearily towards the wall—and the centre table stands out chill and prominent, cleared of all kindly litter, idle and presumptuous, the principal object in the room, no longer submitting to be drawn about here and there, to be covered or uncovered for anybody's pleasure. And, seated close into the window which commands the road, very silent and upright, shawled and bonneted, sits Miss Janet Home, who, perchance, since she neither rebukes nor comforts poor little weeping July, may possibly be crying too.

And Jenny's busy feet waken no home-like echoes now in the bright kitchen, where no scrutiny, however keen, could find speck or spot to discredit Jenny. Instead of the usual genius of the place, a "strange woman" rests with some apparent fatigue upon the chair by the wall which flanks Jenny's oaken table, and, wiping her forehead as she takes off her bonnet, eyes at a respectful distance the fire, which is just now making a valorous attempt to keep up some heartiness and spirit in the bereaved domain which misses Jenny. The strange bonnet, with its gay ribbons, makes a dull reflection in the dark polish of the oak, but the warm moist hand of its owner leaves such a mark as no one ever saw there during the reign of Jenny; and Jenny would know all her forebodings of destruction to the furniture in a fair way for accomplishment, could she see how the new tenant's maid, sent forward before her mistress to take possession, spends her first hour in Burnside.

But Jenny, far off and unwitting, full of a child's simplicity of wonder and admiration—yet sometimes remembering, with her natural impatience, that this delight and interest does not quite become her dignity—travels away—to Dumfries—to Edinburgh—to the new world, of which she knows as little as any child. And Menie Laurie, full of vigorous youthful spirits, and natural excitement, forgets, in half an hour, the heaviness of the leave-taking, and manages, with many a laugh and wreathed smile, to veil much wonder and curiosity of her own, under the unweilable exuberance of Jenny's. Mrs. Laurie herself, clouded and careworn though she looks, and dreary as are her backward glances to the familiar hills of her own country, clears into amusement by-and-by; and the fresh Mayday has done its work upon them all, and brightened the little party into universal smiles and cheer-

fulness, before the journey draws towards its end, and weariness comes in to restore the quiet, if not to restore the tears and sadness, with which they took their leave of home.

"And this is the main street, I'll warrant," said Jenny, as Menie led her on the following morning over the bright pavement of Princes Street; "and I would just like to ken, Miss Menie, what a' thae folks doing 'out-by' at this time of the day? Business? havers! I'm no that great a bairn that I dinna ken the odds between a decent woman gaun an errand, and idle folk wandering about the street. Eh! but they are even-down temptations thae windows! The like of that now for a grand gown to gang to parties! And I reckon ye'll be seeing big folk yonder-away—and the Englishers are awfu' hands for grand claes. I dinna think ye've anything noo ye could see great company in, but that blue thing you got a twelvemonth since, and twa-three bits of muslin. Eh! Miss Menie, bairn, just you look at that!"

And Menie paused, well pleased to look, and admired, if not so loudly, at least with admiration quite as genuine as Jenny's own. But as they passed on, Jenny's captivated eyes found every shop more glorious than the other, and Jenny's eager hands had fished out of the narrow little basket she carried, a long narrow purse of chamois leather, in which lay safe a little bundle of one-pound notes, prisoned in the extreme corners at either end. Jenny's fingers grew nervous as they fumbled at the strait enclosure wherein her humble treasure was almost too secure, and Jenny was tremulously anxious to ascertain which of all these splendours Menie liked best, a sublime purpose dawning upon her own mind the while. And now it is extremely difficult to draw Jenny up the steep ascent of the Calton Hill, and fix her wandering thoughts upon the scene below. It is very fine, Jenny fancies; but after all, Jenny, who has been on terms of daily intimacy with Criffel, sees nothing startling about Arthur's Seat—which is only, like its southland brother, "a muckle hill"—whereas not even the High Street of Dumfries holds any faintest shadowing of the glory of these Princes Street shops; and Jenny's mind is absorbed in elaborate calculations, and her lips move in the deep abstraction of mental arithmetic, while still her fingers pinch the straitened corners of the chamois-leather purse.

"I'll can find the house grand mysel. I ken the street, and I ken the stair, as weel as if I had lived in't a' my days," says Jenny eagerly. "Touts, bairn! canna ye let folk abee? I would like to hear wha would fash their heads with Jenny—and I saw a thing I liked grand in aye of thae muckle shops. Just you gang your ways home to your mamma, Miss Menie; there's nae fears of me."

"But, Jenny, I'll go with you and help you to buy," said Menie. "I would like to see into that great shop mysel."

"Ye'll see't another time," said Jenny, coaxingly. "Jest you gang your ain gate, like a

good bairn, and let Jenny gang hers ance in her life. I'll let you see what it is after I've bought it—but I'm gaun my lane the now. Now, Miss Menie, I'm just as positive as you. My patience!—as if folk couldna be trusted to ware their ain siller—and the mistress waiting on you, and me kens the house better than you. Now you'll just be a good bairn, and I'll take my ain time, and be in in half an hour."

Thus dismissed, Menie had no resource but to betake herself with some laughing wonder to the lodging where Mrs. Laurie rested after the journey of yesterday; while Jenny, looking jealously behind her to make sure that she was not observed, returned to a long and loving contemplation of the brilliant silk gown which had caught her fancy first.

"I never bought her onything a' her days, if it wasna ance that bit wee coral necklace, that she wore when she was a little bairn—and she aye has it in her drawer yet, for pulr auld Jenny's sake," mused Jenny at the shop window, "and I'm no like to need muckle siller mysel, unless there's some sair downcome at hand. I wouldna say but I'll be feared at the price, wi' a' this grand shop to keep up—but I think I never saw onything sae bonnie, and I'll just get up a stout heart, and gang in and try."

But many difficulties beset this daring enterprise of Jenny's. First, the impossibility of having brought to her the one magnificent gown of gowns—then a fainting of horror at the price—then a sudden bewilderment and wavering, consequent upon the sight of a hundred others as glorious as the first. While Jenny mused and pondered with curved brow and closed lips, two or three very fine gentlemen, looking on with unrestrained amusement, awoke her out of her deliberations, and out of her first awe of themselves, into a very distinct and emphatic puff of resentment, and Jenny's decision was made at last somewhat abruptly, in the midst of a smothered explosion of laughter, which sent her hasty short steps pattering out of the shop, in intense wrath. But in spite of Jenny's expanded nostrils, and scarcely restrainable vituperation, Jenny carried off triumphantly, in her arms, the gown of gowns; and Jenny's indignation did not lessen the swell of admiring pride with which she contemplated, pressed to her bosom tenderly, the white paper parcel wherein her gift lay hid.

"Ye'll let me ken how you like this, Miss Menie," said Jenny, peremptorily thrusting the parcel into Menie's hand, at the door of her mother's room; "and see if some of your grand London mantau-makers canna make such a gown out of it as ye might wear ony place. Take it ben—I'm no wanting ye to look at it here."

"But what is it?" asked Menie, wonderingly.

"You have naething ado but open it and see," was the answer: "and ye can put it on on your birthday if you like—that's the tenth of next month—there's plenty of time to get it made—and I'll gang and ask thae strange folk about the dinner mysel."

But neither message nor voice could reach Jenny for a full hour thereafter. Jenny was a little afraid of thanks, and could not be discovered in parlor or kitchen, though the whole "flat" grew vocal with her name. Penetrating at last into the depths of the dark closet where Jenny slept, Menie found her seated on her trunk, with her fingers in her ears; but this precaution had evidently been quite ineffectual so far as Jenny's sharp sense of hearing was concerned. Menie Laurie put her own arms within the projected arm of the follower of the family, and drew her away to her mother's room. Like a culprit faintly resisting, Jenny went.

"I'm sure if I had kent ye would have been as pleased," said Jenny, when she had in some degree recovered herself, "ye might have gotten ane lang ago; but ye'll mind Jenny when you put it on, and I'm sure it's my heart's wish baith it and you may be lang to the fore, when Jenny's gane and forgotten out o' mind. 'Deed ay, it is very bonnie. I kent I was a gey guid judge mysel, and it was the first ane I lighted on, afore we had been out of the house ten minutes—it's been rinnin in my head ever since then."

"But, Jenny, it must have been very expensive," said Mrs. Laurie quickly.

"I warrant it was nae cheaper than they could help," said Jenny. "Eh! mem; the manners of them—and a' dressed out like gentlemen, too. I thought the first ane that came to me was a placed minister, at the very least; and to see the breeding of them, nae better than as many hinds! Na I would like to see the cottar lad in a' Kirklands that would have daured to make his laugh of me!"

A few days' delay in Edinburgh gave Mrs. Laurie space and opportunity of settling various little matters of business, which where necessary for the comfort of their removal; and then the little family embarked in the new steamer, which had but lately superseded the smack, with some such feelings of forlornness and excitement as Australian emigrants might have in these days. Jenny set herself down firmly in a corner of the deck, with her back against the bulwark of the ship, and her eyes tenaciously fixed upon a coil of rope near at hand. Jenny had a vague idea that this might be something serviceable in the case of shipwreck, and with jealous care she watched it; a boat, too, swayed gently in its place above her—there was a certain security in being near it; but Jenny's soul was troubled to see Menie wandering hither and thither upon the sunny deck, and her mother quietly reading by the cabin door. Jenny thought it something like a tempting of Providence to read a book securely in this frail ark, which a sudden caprice of uncertain wind and sea might throw in a moment into mortal peril.

But calm and fair as ever May-day shone, this quiet morning brightened into noon, and their vessel rustled bravely through the Firth, skirting the southern shore. Past every lingering suburban roof—past the seabathing-houses, quiet on these sands—gliding by the foot of green North-Berwick Law—passing like a shadow across the gloomy Bass, where it broods upon

the sea, like the cairn of memorial stones over its martyrs dead—past the mouldering might of old Tantallon, sending a roll of white foam up upon those little coves of Berwickshire, which here and there open up a momentary glimpse of red-roofed fisher-houses, and fisher cobbles resting on the beach under shelter of the high braes and fretted rocks of the coast. Menie Laurie, leaning over the side, looks almost wistfully sometimes at those rude little houses, lying serene among the rocks like a seabird's nest. Many a smuggler's romance—many a story of shipwreck and daring bravery must dwell about this shore; the young traveller only sees how the tiled roof glows against the rock which lends its friendly support behind—how the stony path leads downward to the boat—how the wife at the cottage door looks out, shading her eyes with her hands, and the fisher bairns shout along the sea margin, where only feet amphibious could find footing, and clap their hands in honor of the new wonder, still unfamiliar to their coast. Something chill comes over Menie as her eye lingers on these wild rock-cradled hamlets, so far apart from all the world. Stronger waves of the ocean are breaking here upon the beach, and scarcely a house among them has not lost a father or son at sea; yet there steals a thrill of envy upon the young voyagers as one by one they disappear out of her sight. So many homes, rude though their kind is, and wild their place—but as for Menie Laurie, and Menie Laurie's mother, they are leaving home behind.

And now the wide sea sweeps into the sky before them—the northern line of hills receding far away among the clouds, and fishing-boats and passing vessels speck the great breadth of water faintly, with long distances between, and an air of forlorn solitude upon the whole. And the day wanes, and darkness steals apace over the sky and sea. Landward born and landward bred, Jenny sets her back more firmly against the bulwark, and will not be persuaded to descend, though the night air is chill upon her face. Jenny feels some security in her own vigilant unwavering watch upon those great folds of sea-water—those dark cliffs of Northumberland—those fierce castles glooming here and there out from the gathering night. If sudden squall or tempest should fall upon this quiet sea, Jenny at least will have earliest note of it, and with an intense concentration of watchfulness, she maintains her outlook; while Mrs. Laurie and Menie, reluctantly leaving her, lie down, not without some kindred misgivings, to their first night's rest at sea.

## CHAPTER X.

A second night upon these untrusting waters found the travellers a little less nervous and timid, but the hearts of all lightened when the early sunshine showed them the green flat river banks on either side of their cabin windows. Menie, hurrying on deck, was the first to see over the flat margin and glimmering reach the towers of Greenwich rising against its verdant hill. The sun was dancing on the busy

Thames; wherries, which Menie's eyes followed with wonder—so slight and frail they looked—shot across the river like so many flying arrows; great hay barges, heavy with their fragrant freight, and gay with brilliant color, blundered up the stream midway, like peasants on a holiday; and high and dark, with their lines of little prison-windows, these great dismantled wooden castles frowned upon the sunny waters, dreary cages of punishment and convict crime. Then came the houses, straggling to the river's edge—then a passing glimpse of the great strong-ribbed bony skeletons which by-and-by should breast the sea-waves proudly, men-o'-war—then the grand placid breath of the river palace, with the light lying quiet in its green quadrangle, and glimpses of blue sky relieving its cloistered fair arcade. Further on and further, and Jenny rubs her wide awake but very weary eyes, and shakes her clenched hand at the clumsy colliers and enterprising sloops, which begin to shoot across "our boat's" encumbered way; and now we strike into the very heart of a maze of ships, built in rank and file against the river's side, and straying about here and there, even in the mid course of the stream: almost impossible, Menie, to catch anything but an uncertain glimpse of these quaint little wharfs, and strange small old-world gables, which grow like so many fungi at the water's edge; but yonder glows the golden ball and cross—yonder rises the world-famed dome, guardian of the world's chiefest city—and there it fumes and frets before us, stretching upward far away—far beyond the baffled horizon line, which fades into the distance, all chafed and broken with crowded spires and roofs—London—Babylon—great battle-ground of vexed humanity—the crisis scene of Menie Laurie's fate.

But without a thought or fear of anything like fate—only with some fluttering expectations, tremors, and hopes, Menie Laurie stood upon the steamer's deck as it came to anchor slowly and cumbrously before the vociferous pier. In presence of all this din and commotion a silence of abstraction and reverie wrapt her, and Menie looked up unconsciously upon the flitting panorama which moved before her dreamy eyes. Mrs. Laurie's brow had grown into curves of care again, and Jenny, jealous and alert, kept watch over the mountain of luggage which she had piled together by many a strenuous tug and lift—for Jenny already meditated kitting up her best gown round her waist, and throwing off her shawl to leave her sturdy arms unfettered, for the task of carrying some of these trunks and lighter boxes to the shore.

"Keep me, what's a' the folk wanting yonder?" said Jenny; "they canna be a' waiting for friends in the boat; and I reckon the captain durstna break the mail-bags open, so it canna be for letters. Eh, Miss Menie, just you look up there at that open in the houses—what an awfu' crowd's up in yon street! What'll be ado? I've heard say there's aye a great fire somegate in London, and folk aye troop to see a fire—but then they never happened but at night. My patience! what can it be?"

Whatever it is, Menie's eye has caught something less distant, which wakes up her dreaming face like a spell. While Jenny gazes and wonders at the thronging passengers of the distant street, Menie's face floods over with a flush of ruddy light like the morning sky. Her shy eyelids droop a moment over the warm glow which sparkles over them—her lips move, breaking into a host of wavering smiles—her very figure, slight and elastic, expands with this thrill of sudden pleasure. Your mother there looks gravely at the shore—a strange, alien, unkindly place to her—and already anticipates, with some care and annoyance, the trouble of landing, and the delay and farther fatigue to be encountered before her little family can reach their new home; and Jenny is uttering a child's wonders and surmises by your side—what is this, Menie Laurie, what makes the vulgar pier a charmed spot to you?

Only another eager face looking down—another alert animated figure pressing to the very edge—impatient hands thrusting interposing porters and cabmen by—and eyes all aglow with loving expectation, searching over all the deck for the little party which they have not yet descried. Involuntarily Menie raises her hand, her breath comes quick over her parted lips, and in her heart she calls to him with shy joy. He must have heard the call, surely, by some art magic, though the common air got no notes of it, for see how he bends, with that sudden flush upon his face; and Menie meets the welcoming look, the keen gaze of delight and satisfaction, and lays her hand upon her mother's arm timidly, to point out where Randall Home waits for them; but he does something more than wait—and there is scarcely possibility of communication with the crowded quay, as these unaccustomed eyes are inclined to fancy, when a quick step rings upon the deck beside them, and he is here.

But Menie does not need to blush for her betrothed—though those shy bright eyes of hers, wavering up and down with such quick unsteady glances, seem to light into richer color every moment the glow upon her cheeks—for Randall is a true son of John Home of Croftmill, inheriting the stately figure—the high crested head, with its mass of rich curls—the blue, clear, penetrating eyes. And Randall bears these natural honors with a grace of greater refinement, though a perfectly cool spectator might think, perchance, that even the more conscious dignity of the gentleman son did not make up for the kindly gleam which takes from the farmer father's blue eyes all suspicion of coldness. But it is impossible to suspect coldness in Randall's glance now—his whole face sparkles with the glow of true feeling and genuine joy. The one of them did not think the other beautiful a few days—a few hours—ago, even with all the charm of memory and absence to make them fair—and neither are beautiful, nor near it, to everyday eyes; but with this warm light on the happy, and true, and pure—they are beautiful to each other now.

"Weel, I wadna say there was mony like him, 'specially among thae English, after a'!" said Jenny, under her breath.

"What do you say, Jenny?" Mrs. Laurie, who has already had her share of Randall's greetings, and being satisfied therewith, thinks it is something about the luggage—which luggage, to her careful eyes, comes quite in the way of Randall Home.

"I was saying—weel, 'deed it's nae matter," said Jenny, hastily recollecting that her advice had not been asked before Menie's engagement, and that she had never deigned to acknowledge any satisfaction with the same, "but just it's my hope there's to be some safer gate ashore than yon. Eh, my patience! if it's no like a drove of wild Irish a pouring down on us! But I would scarce like to cross the burn on that bit plank, and me a' the boxes to carry. I needna speak—the mistress pays nae mair heed to me; but pity me! we're no out of peril yet—they'll sink the boat!"

And Jenny watched with utter dismay the flood of invading porters and idle loungers on the quay, and with indignation looked up to, and apostrophised, the careless captain on the paddle-box, who could coolly look on and tolerate this last chance of "sinking the boat." From these terrors, however, Jenny was suddenly awakened into more active warfare. A parcel of these same thronging mercenaries assailed her own particular pile of trunks and boxes, and Jenny, furious and alarmed, flew to the defence.

But by-and-by—a tedious time to Mrs. Laurie, though it flew like an arrow over the heads of Randall and Menie, and over Jenny's fierce contention—they were all safely established at last in a London hackney coach, with so much of the lighter luggage as it could or would convey. Randall had permission to come to them that very night, so nothing farther was possible; he went away after he had lingered till he could linger no longer. Mrs. Laurie leaned back in her corner with a long-drawn sigh—Jenny, on the front seat, muttered out the conclusion of her fuff—while Menie looked out with dazzled eyes, catching every now and then among the stranger passengers a distant figure, quick and graceful; nor till they were miles away did Menie recollect that this vision of her fancy could not be Randall Home.

Miles away—it was hard to fancy that through these thronged and noisy streets one could travel miles. Always a long array of shops and warehouses and dingy houses—always a pavement full and crowded—always a stream of vehicles beside their own in the centre of the way—now and then a break into some wider space, a square, or cross, or junction of streets—here and there a great public building, or an old characteristic house, which Menie feels sure must be something notable, if anybody were by to point it out. Jenny, interested and curious at first, is by this time quite stunned and dizzy, and now and then cautiously glances from the window, with a strong suspicion that she has been singled out for a mysterious destiny, and

that the cab-driver has some desperate intention of maddening his passengers, by driving them round and round in a circle of doom through these bewildering streets. Nothing but the hum of other locomotion, the jolting din of their own, the jar over the stones of the causeway, the stream of passengers left behind, and houses gliding past them, give evidence of progress, till, by-and-by, the stream slackens, the noises decrease—the trees break in here and there among the houses—dusty suburban shrubberies—villakins standing apart, planted in bits of garden ground—and then, at last, the tired horse labors up a steep ascent; long pallings, trees, and green slopes of land, reveal themselves to the eyes of the weary travellers, and under the full forenoon sun, pretty Hampstead, eagerly looked for, appears through the shabby cab-windows, with London in a veil of mist lying far off at its feet.

Instinctively Mrs. Laurie puts up her hands to draw her veil forward, and straighten the edge of her travelling-bonnet—instinctively Menie looses the ribbons of hers, to shed back the hair from her flushed cheek. Jenny, not much caring what the inhabitants of Heathbank Cottage may think of her, only gathers up upon her knee a full armful of bags and baskets, and draws her breath hard—a note of anticipatory disdain and defiance—as she nods her head backward, with a loss of impatience upon the glass behind her. And now the driver looks back to point with his whip to a low house on the ascent before him, and demands if he is right in thinking this 'Eathbank. Nobody can answer; but, after a brief dialogue with the proprietor of a passing donkey, the cabman stirs his horse with a chirrup and a touch of the lash. It is 'Eathbank, and they are at their journey's end.

Home—well, one has seen places that look less like home. You can just see the low roof, the little bits of pointed gable, the small lattice windows of the upper story, above the thick green hawthorn hedge that closes round. A tall yew-tree looks out inquisitively over the hawthorns, pinched, and meagre, and of vigilant aspect, not quite satisfied, as it would seem, with the calm enjoyment of the cows upon this bank of grass without; but Jenny's heart warms to the familiar key, which might be in Dumfriesshire—they look so home-like. Jenny's lips form into the involuntary "pruh." Jenny's senses are refreshed by the balmy breath of the milky mothers—and Menie's eyes rejoice over a glorious promise of roses and jasmine on yon sunny wall, and a whole world of clear unclouded sky and sunny air embracing yonder group of elm-trees. Even Mrs. Laurie's curved brow smoothes and softens—there is good promise in the first glance of Heathbank.

At the little gate in the hedge, Miss Annie Laurie's favourite serving-maiden, in a little

smart cap, collar, and embroidered apron, which completely overpower and bewilder Jenny, stands waiting to receive them. Everything looks so neat, so fresh, so unsullied, that the travellers grow flushed and heated with a sudden sense of contrast, and remember their own travel-soiled garments and fatigued faces painfully; but Menie has only cast one pleased look upon the smooth green lawn which shrines the yew-tree—made one step upon the well-kept gravel path, and still has her hand upon the carriage-door, half turning round to assist her mother, when a sudden voice comes round the projecting bow window of Heathbank Cottage—a footstep rings on the walk, an appearance reveals itself in the bright air. Do you think it is some young companion whom your good aunt's kindness has provided for you, Menie—some one light of heart and young of life, like your own May-time? Look again, as it comes tripping along the path in its flowing muslin and streaming ringlets. Look and cast down your head, shy Menie, abashed you know not why—for what is this?

Something in a very pretty muslin gown, with very delicate lace about its throat and hands, and curls waving out from its cheeks. Look, too, what a thin slipper—what a dainty silken stocking reveals itself under the half-transparent drapery! Look at these ringing metallic toys suspended from its slender waist, at the laced kerchief in its hand, at its jubilant pace—anywhere—anywhere but at the smile that fain would make sunshine on you—the features which wear their most cordial look of welcome. Menie Laurie's eyes seek the gravel path once more, abashed and irresponsive. Menie Laurie's youthful cheek reddens with a brighter colour; her hand is slow to detach itself from the carriage door—though Menie Laurie's grand-aunt flutters before her with out-stretched arms of gracious hospitality, inviting her embrace.

"My pretty little darling, welcome to Heathbank," says the voice; and the voice is not unpleasant, though it is pitched somewhat too high. "Kiss me, love—don't let us be strangers. I expect you to make yourself quite at home."

And Menie passively and with humility submits to be kissed—a process of which she has had little experience hitherto—and stands aside, suddenly very much subdued and silent, while the stranger flutters into the carriage window to tender the same sign of regard to Menie's mother. Menie's mother, better prepared, maintains a tolerable equanimity; but Menie herself has been struck dumb, and cannot find a word to say, as she follows with a subdued step into the sacred fastnesses of Heathbank. The muslin floats, the ringlets wave before the fascinated eyes of Menie, and Menie listens to the voice as if it were all a dream.

From Notes and Queries.

## CORONATION STONE.

A FEW years ago the following tradition was related to me by a friend, and I should be glad if any of your correspondents can inform me whether it is current in any part of Great Britain or Ireland, and whether there are any grounds for it. As it is connected with one of our most interesting national relics, the coronation stone, it may not prove beneath notice; and I here give it in full, shielding myself with the Last Minstrel's excuse:

"I know not how the truth may be,  
But I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

I must allow that its extreme vagueness, if not improbability, hardly warrants an inquiry; but having failed in obtaining any satisfactory proofs among my friends, as a last resource I apply myself to the columns of your well-known and useful journal.

When Jacob awoke after his wonderful dream, as related in Genesis (chap. xxviii.), he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not;" and he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place. This is none other but the House of God; and this is the gate of Heaven." He "took the stone that he had put for his pillow and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that Thou shall give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

That stone (so runs the legend) is supposed to have been taken away from Bethel by the House of Joseph, when they destroyed the city and its inhabitants (Judges i.); and a tradition that whosoever possessed that stone would be especially blessed, and be king or chief, was current among the Jews; the stone itself being guarded by them with jealous care.

On the first destruction of Jerusalem, some of the royal family of Judah are supposed to have escaped, and to have gone in search of an asylum beyond the sea, taking this precious stone with them. Their resting place was Ireland, where they founded a kingdom. Many centuries afterwards, a brother of the king descended from these exiles, named Fergus, went, with his brother's permission, to found a kingdom in Scotland. He said, however he would not go without the sacred stone. This his brother refused to give him; but Fergus stole it, and established a kingdom in Scotland. His descendants became kings of all Scotland, and were crowned sitting on that stone, which was taken away by Edward I., and is now in Westminster Abbey.

These are the outlines of this tradition. My object now is to ask whether any of your correspondents can inform me, first, Whether the Jews had, or have, any like superstition concerning Jacob's pillar; and whether the royal family of Judah possessed such a stone among their treasures? Secondly, Whether any Jews

are supposed to have settled in Ireland at so early a period; and whether (that being the case) there are now, or were once, proofs of their having done so, either in the Irish language or in any of the ancient laws, customs, buildings, &c. of the country? Thirdly, Whether the Scotch believe that stone to have come from Ireland; and whether that belief in the owner of it being king existed in Scotland? and, lastly, Can any of your correspondents, learned in geology, inform me whether the like kind of stone is to be met with in any part of the British Isles? or whether, as the legend runs, a similar kind of stone is found in the Arabian plains? The story has interested me greatly; and if I could gain any enlightenment on the subject, I should be much obliged for it.—AN INDIAN SUBSCRIBER.

[Several of our historians, as Matthew of Westminster, Hector Boethius, Robert of Gloucester, the poet Harding, &c., have noticed this singular legend; but we believe the Rabbinical writers (as suggested by our Indian correspondent) have never been consulted respecting it. Sandford in his valuable *History of the Coronation of James II.* (fol. 1687, p. 39), has given some dates and names which will probably assist our correspondents in elucidating the origin of this far-famed relic. He says, "Jacob's stone, or *The Fatal Marble Stone*, is an oblong square, about twenty-two inches long, thirteen inches broad, and eleven inches deep, of a bluish steel-like colour, mixed with some veins of red; whereof history relates that it is the stone whereon the patriarch Jacob is said to have laid his head in the plain of Luza. That it was brought to Brigantia in the kingdom of Gallacia in Spain, in which place Gathal, King of Scots, sat on it as his throne. Thence it was brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first King of Scots, about 700 years before Christ's time, and from thence into Scotland, by King Fergus, about 330 years before Christ. In the year 850 it was placed in the Abbey of Scone, in the sheriffdom of Perth, by King Kenneth, who caused it to be inclosed in a wooden chair (now called *St. Edward's Chair*), and this prophetic distich engraven on it:

'Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti hunc quocunque locatum  
Inveniunt lapidem, regnare teneant ibidem.'

'If Fates go right, where'er this stone is found,  
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crown'd.'

Which is the more remarkable by being fulfilled in the person of James I. of England." Calmer, however, states that the Mahometans profess to have this relic in their custody. He says, "The Mahometans think that Jacob's stone was conveyed to the Temple of Jerusalem, and is still preserved in the mosque there, where the Temple formerly stood. They call it *Al-sakra*, or the stone of unction. The Cadi Gemaleddin, son of Valliel, writes, that passing through Jerusalem, in his way to Egypt, he saw Christian priests carrying glass phials full of wine over the Sakra, near which the Mussulmen had built their temple, which, for this reason, they call the Temple of the Stone. The wine which the Christian priests set upon the stone was no doubt designed for the celebration of mass there."]

From Punch.

## TALFOURD.

ERE the war-clouds, darkly closing,  
Shudder to the rending flash,  
Ere a world holds breath to listen  
To the opening thunder-crash :  
Hear, from yonder seat of judgment,  
Words of peace—the true—the best—  
Ah!—the noble words are stifled,  
And a noble heart hath rest!

Dead! He should have died hereafter,  
Time had come for such a word,  
When the day of fight was over,  
And the triumph-bells were heard.  
Statesman—Minister of Justice—  
Friend of all who needed friend,  
Poet—might he not have tarried,  
Seen our conflict to an end?

Had the Statesman marked his nation  
Check and crush invading might;  
Had the upright Judge, rejoicing,  
Watched the victory of the Right;  
Had the oppress'd one's Friend beheld us  
Raise the weak—dash down the strong,  
Then, perchance, the Poet's utterance  
Had awaked in glowing song.

Other was the dread decretal,  
Life and Death obey their Lord,  
And the golden bowl is broken,  
And unloosed the silver cord.  
In the very hour when Duty  
To her dearest task was wed,  
Pleading for the poor and needy,  
TALFOURD'S gentle spirit fled.

What is left to those who mourn him?  
When the last sad rite is paid,  
When—but not with hopeless sorrow—  
Earth in earth is humbly laid.  
Call his image from the marble,  
Let the rich memorial tell  
How he earned the love we bore him,  
That we loved him long and well.

Let it speak of kindest nature,  
Of the large, yet subtle mind,  
Of a heart all overflowing  
With affection for his kind.  
Speak of honour—trust—and frankness,  
Of a hand preventing need,  
And of whisper from the giver  
Making bounty rich indeed.

Then record how he, undaunted,  
Fought through faction's wild turmoil,  
To uphold the Thinker's title  
To the earnings of his toil.  
How low cant and selfish cunning  
Barred his onward course in vain,  
Till he felled and chained the plunderers  
Of the Labour of the Brain.

Speak of eloquence, beguiling  
Foes themselves to own its sway,  
Rich with many an ancient jewel  
Touched with Art's all-kindling ray.

Then inscribe his Poet-honours—  
Nay—that record be his own—  
Little reck's true bard of memory  
Passing with a sculptured stone.

*Ire licet.* Battle's signal  
Sullen booms o'er sea and plain.  
Wake ye at that fatal summons,  
Fabled Choosers of the Slain!  
Who, beside our red-cross banner,  
Falls, its foremost champion there—  
Flinging down a life, and winning  
Name that Time himself shall spare!

Gallant heart! But happier, nobler,  
Hold the doom 'twas his to meet,  
Who,—declaring Heaven's own message—  
Died upon the judgment seat.  
On his lip that holy lesson  
All his life had taught, he cried,  
“Help the humble—help the needy—  
HELP WITH LOVE.” So TALFOURD died!

From Household Words.

## THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

THE readers of these pages will have known, many days before the present number can come into their hands, that on Monday the thirteenth of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labors and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects; in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament; he was widely appreciated, honored, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not to them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest,—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there were a house in England justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where

every art was honoured for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly, immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer-visit to the sea-shore, "to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend"—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingered in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalculated education which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment Seat.

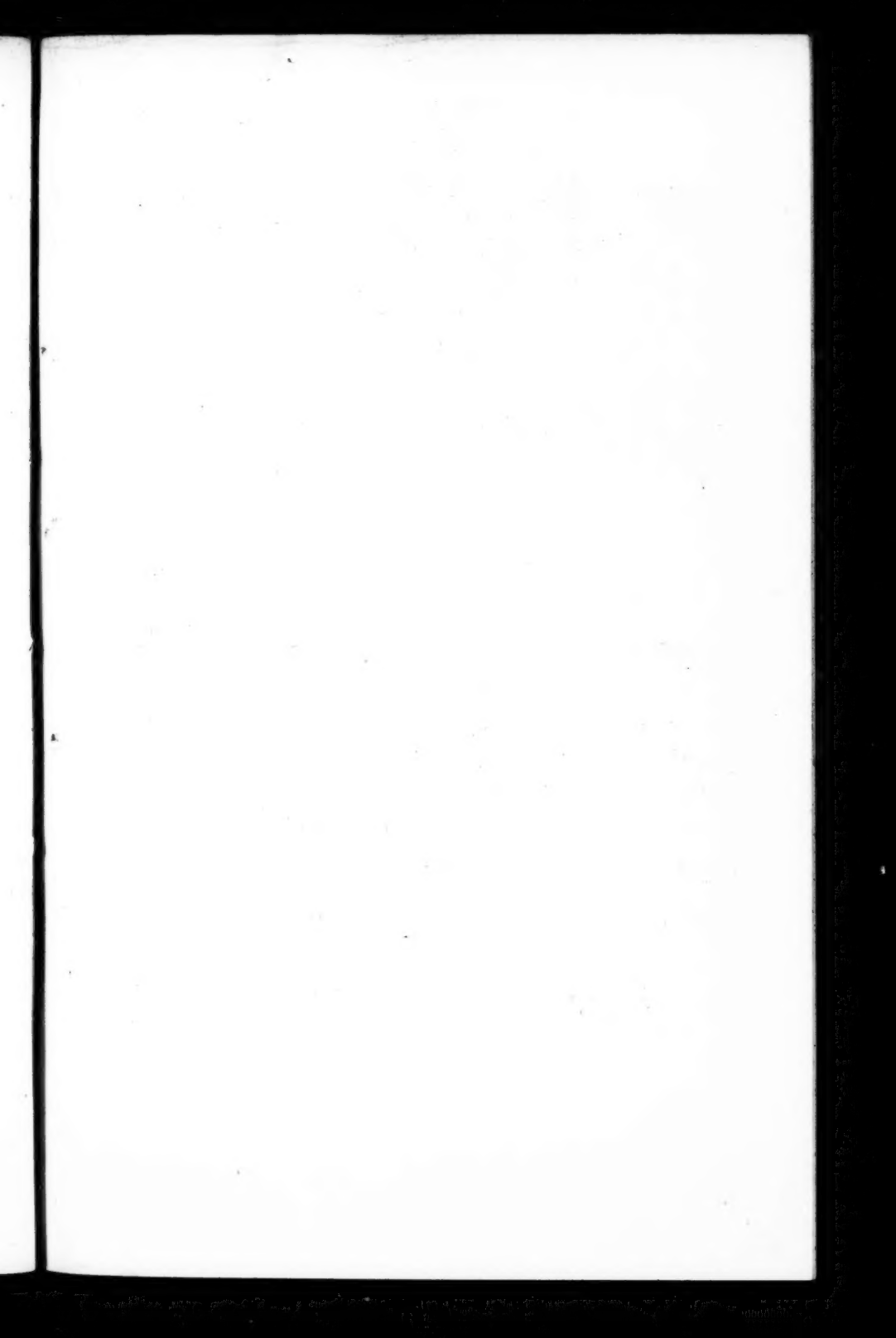
An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for themselves; teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride; the other, to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in Creation has lost an enemy.

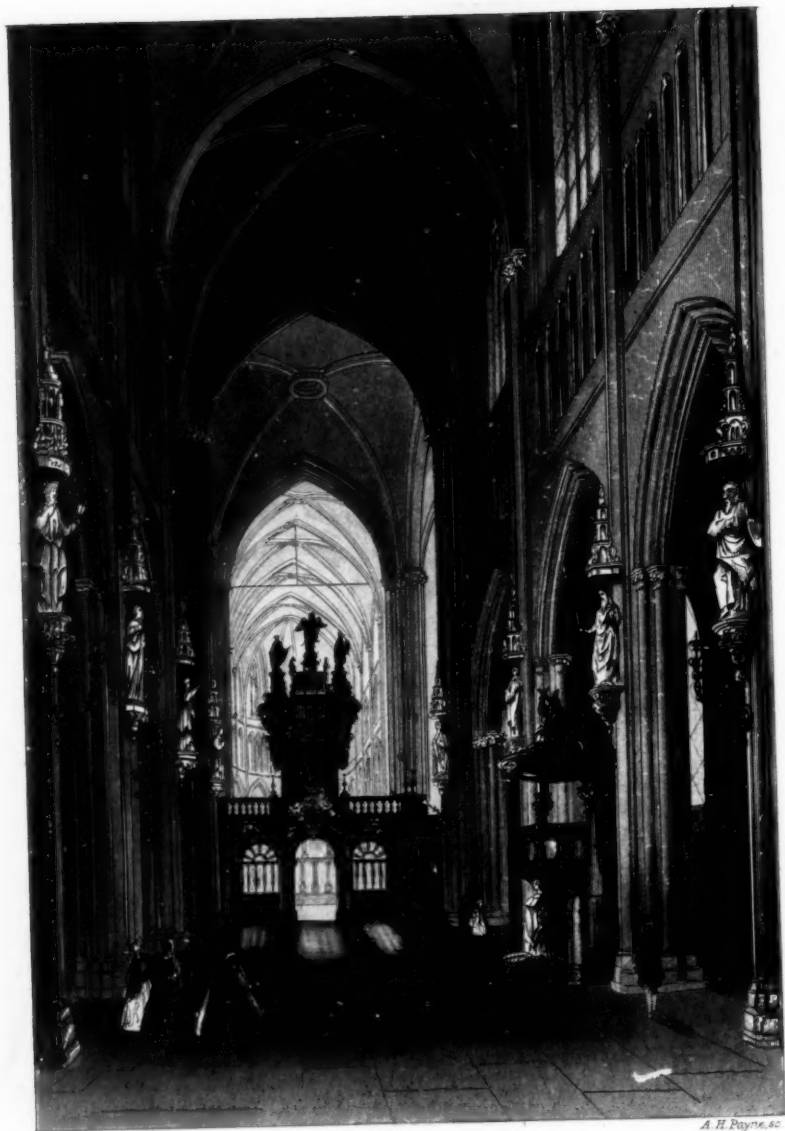
The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave, was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it had followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first, than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

BRANKS, OR GOSSIPS' BRIDLES.—Walton Church contains one of those strange instruments with which our ancestors used to punish those dames who were too free with the use of their tongues. They were called hanks [branks], or gossips' bridles, and were intended to inclose the head, being fastened behind by a padlock, and having attached to it a small piece of iron which literally "held the tongue." Thus accoutred, the unhappy culprit was marched through the village till she gave unequivocal signs of repentance and humiliation. Can any one give some account of this curious instrument?

[Fosbrooke says that "the brank is a sugar-loaf cap made of iron hooping, with a cross at top, and a flat piece projecting inwards to lie upon the tongue. It was put upon the head of solds, padlocked behind, and a string annexed, by which a man led them through the towns." (See also Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. iii. p. 108, Bohn's edition.) Engravings of them will be found in Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 389, and in Brand's *History of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 192. In the *Historical*

*Description of the Tower of London*, p. 54, edit. 1774, occurs the following libellous quib on the fair sex: "Among the curiosities of the Tower is a collar of torment, which, say your conductors, used formerly to be put about the women's neck that cuckolded their husbands, or scolded them when they came home late; but that custom is left off now-a-days, to prevent quarrelling for collars, there not being smiths enough to make them, as most married men are sure to want them at one time or another." Waldron in his *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 80, thus notices this instrument of punishment: "I know nothing in the Manx statutes or punishments in particular but this, which is, that if any person be convicted of uttering a scandalous report, and cannot make good the assertion, instead of being fined or imprisoned, they are sentenced to stand in the market-place, on a sort of scaffold erected for that purpose, with their tongue in a noose made of leather, which they call a *bridle*, and having been exposed to the view of the people for some time, on the taking off this machine, they are obliged to say three times, 'Tongue, thou hast lied.'"—*Notes and Queries*.





H. Albert

A. H. Payne, sc.

*Church of St. Salvador, Bruges.*

